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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE POINCARÉ-TARDIEU CONTROVERSY

SINCE M. Poincaré published in *Le Temps*, a few weeks ago, his version of the French attempt to secure from the Allies at the Peace Conference a provision for the military occupation of the left bank of the Rhine until the Germans shall have completely fulfilled the Treaty obligations, a spirited controversy has been going on between the former president and M. Tardieu, the latter acting as spokesman for M. Clemenceau. For several days this debate filled whole columns of the newspapers and formed the chief topic of conversation in French political circles.

M. Poincaré's narrative gave the public nothing that was new except certain letters which he wrote to M. Clemenceau during the months of March–May, 1919. In these communications, particularly that of March 17, 1919, M. Poincaré insisted that no defensive alliance with Great Britain and the United States would form an adequate substitute for Marshal Foch's proposed military guarantees. 'I regard it as a serious danger,' wrote M. Poincaré, 'to fix in the Treaty of Peace any date for the end of the Rhine occupation, unless such date coincides with a complete fulfillment of Germany's Treaty pledges.' The attention of M. Clemenceau was called, also, to the futility of accepting a proffer of alliance from Great Britain or the United States, unless all the details should be confirmed by the vote of the British Parliament and by ratification in the United States Senate.

M. Poincaré complains that his warnings were entirely disregarded; that France failed to obtain adequate provisions for her future security, and argues that she should now demand a revision of the Treaty on this point.

M. Tardieu at once took up the gauntlet on behalf of his former chief, and pointed out that Article 429 of the Treaty provides, in substance, as follows: —

> If, at this time (the end of fifteen years), the guarantees against unprovoked German aggression shall not be considered by the Allied and Associated Governments to be sufficient, the evacuation of the occupying forces may be delayed to such extent as may be deemed necessary to secure the said guarantees.

According to M. Tardieu's contention this provision does not relate merely to the completion of reparation payments. He argues that the above provision will cover the case in 1935 if the guarantees against unprovoked German aggression are not then deemed to be adequate. The clause was inserted, he says, be-

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cause the French negotiators had in mind the possible non-ratification of the treaties of alliance. With this point of view, however, M. Poincaré does not agree at all. 'If that is what Article 429 means,' he replies, 'it is not what it says.' 'To whom,' he asks, 'must the guarantees against unprovoked German agression appear to be sufficient? To France? No. To the Allied and Associated Governments!' Fifteen years hence, M. Poincaré believes, it will be necessary to get the concurrence of the Allied and Associated Powers, or the French occupation of the Rhine must come to an end.

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'WORK OR MAINTENANCE'

THE *Spectator* complains that the Cabinet Committee on Unemployment has thus far produced nothing but makeshift measures for the solution of what is in reality a recurrent problem. It also bemoans the fact that the Labor Party has shown a lack of grip upon the vitals of this question. Here are some of its reflections: —

> At present the hopelessness of the position is aggravated by the chaotic state of the principles on which the unemployed are relieved. There is no theory. There can be no policy. In some boroughs unemployment-benefit is the sole resource. In others unemployment benefit is supplemented, doubled, or trebled by poor relief. Elsewhere there is nothing but poor relief, and that on a scale that bears no relation to and does not take into consideration unemployment benefit. . . .
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> The whole question is further complicated by the prejudice which surrounds it. To insist on economic law and experience in connection with unemployment is to lay one's self open to the charge of being callous and unsympathetic. We shall not shirk an obvious duty by fear of such criticism. Labor demands, with all the monotony and importunity of the parrot: 'Work or Maintenance.' That is a phrase. Half the problems which confront the world to-day are attributable to this glib coinage of phrases. The Tessara decalogue of President Wilson has bathed two continents in tears!
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> With the Labor Party we are conscious that the manner in which they say it is fifty times worse than what they have to say. Thus their real fault is to generalize from a too narrow view of the particular instance, and of that too narrow view the phrase, 'work or maintenance,' is a good example. . . .
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> That any man should be confronted with starvation in a civilized community is now altogether out of the question. That a man should be maintained in some way or other when there is no work for him to do is altogether accepted. The whole problem is, What form should this maintenance take? The Labor Party has failed because it has not appreciated that a difference of opinion could possibly arise on the alternative manners in which maintenance should be given. When the Labor Party talks of maintenance for the unemployed, it conceives that it is the duty of the State to maintain them. It is not the duty of the State at all. It is the duty of industry. The corollary of maintenance by the State is industrial conscription. That is a logical sequence of the argument which Labor would shirk, and naturally shirk.

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THE RENAISSANCE OF CLEMENCEAU

SOME time ago the French government announced that permission would not be given to erect statues to any man still living. Before this announcement appeared, however, the people of the little Vendean commune in which the 'Tiger' was born had already made arrangements for the erection of such a tribute within their own borders. By tacit consent the villagers have ignored the government's decree, and not even the prefect has interfered. The government which issued the prohibition, by the way, was Clemenceau's! As for the statue, it is according to all accounts a striking affair; Clemenceau stands beside a trench full of soldiers, clad in the ill-fitting attire and ungainly headgear

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which he wore on his frequent visits to the front during the days of the great emergency.

Judging from the editorials in the Paris press, there is no great probability of Clemenceau's return to political power, as has been hinted in the cable dispatches to this country. There is, however, a very great probability of his return to journalistic power. A Clemencist daily is more than a likelihood in the near future; so much so that predictions are being hazarded as to the probable title of such a journal. One guess is that it will be *Le Jour*, which does not strike one as particularly appropriate; for this term has no subtlety of implication like the German *Der Tag*. In any event, it is assumed that the new journal, when established, will serve as a channel through which Clemenceau may place his memoirs and reminiscences before the world.

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SAFEGUARDING THE KEY INDUSTRIES

On October 1, the Safeguarding of Industries Act became effective in Great Britain. This statute, which imposes a duty of 33⅓ per cent *ad valorem* on certain goods imported into the United Kingdom, is divided into two parts. In the first place it contains a list of 'key industries' such as the manufacture of dye-stuffs, optical glass, scientific instruments, and various other products which are regarded as indispensable to the industrial self-sufficiency of Great Britain. All the products scheduled in this portion of the Act are protected by a uniform import duty. The second portion of the enactment is designed to prevent the dumping of goods upon the British market by countries which would be enabled to do this by reason of existing exchange situation.

The machinery provided for the enforcement of the law is in some respects clumsy, and the industrial interests have expressed grave doubt that it will prove workable. Before duties can be imposed under the anti-dumping provision, the Board of Trade must be satisfied that goods are being imported and sold at prices below those at which similar goods can be manufactured in the United Kingdom. This, of course, may involve prolonged hearings and investigations. Orders made by the Board of Trade in this connection, moreover, cannot go into effect until confirmed by resolutions of the House of Commons, provided the House is in session. If the House is not in session, the Board may issue an interim order.

There appears to be no widespread anticipation, according to the editorial comments of the British press, that this measure will lead to an immediate and appreciable increase of employment in the key industries. The *Morning Post* points out that, at the existing rate of exchange, German goods of a competitive character have been coming into Great Britain at prices ranging from one half to one sixth of the British cost of production. In such cases it believes that a duty of 33⅓ per cent is not likely to prove a sufficient barrier.

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THE STRENGTH OF THE NEW GERMAN ARMY

The London *Times* reiterates its admonition that the German government is hoodwinking the Allies by not actually reducing its military establishment in accordance with the terms of the Peace Treaty. Nearly two years ago the *Times* announced, on the strength of what it declared to be unexceptionable information, that Germany had at that time a million men under arms. The accuracy of this statement was officially denied, but the Inter-Allied Control Commission ultimately

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found that the *Times* was not far wide of the mark.

It is undeniable that reductions have since been made both in personnel and in armaments; but the *Times* believes that both remain far in excess of what the Peace Treaty allows. It points out that Germany has not yet produced a normal army budget — normal in the sense of conforming to the provisions of the Treaty. Whole services, such as demobilization, clothing, pensions, and military hospitals, have been transferred by the German authorities from their usual place in the army estimates to obscure corners among the civil appropriations in order that they may escape the supervision of the Inter-Allied Control Commission.

According to the *Times*, the military experts who advised the peace negotiations at Versailles, forgot all about barracks; hence there is no treaty limitation upon the number of buildings which may be maintained for housing troops. One might suppose that a government earnestly desirous of reducing the burden of military expenditures would have by this time abandoned most of these expensive structures; but according to the *Times* information, the Germans have given up none of them. A single company is now quartered in barracks which formerly housed a whole regiment. Each company, moreover, bears one of the old regimental numbers. The proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers, likewise, is excessively high. The latter frequently make up half the entire personnel. This arrangement, it is asserted, does not exist without ulterior reasons, for a unit made up largely of officers and N.C.O.'s is expensive to maintain. The *Times* is, nevertheless, well satisfied with what the Inter-Allied Control Commission has thus far been able to accomplish; it merely contends that great vigilance is still necessary.

The control Commission has undoubtedly done good work. Some of the practical soldiers who direct it are doubtless alive to every move in the German game. The statements we feel bound to make are not intended to disparage their efforts, but to stimulate their vigilance. Incidentally, our information shows that Allied military control will need to be maintained, and to be vigorously supported by the Allied governments, for some time, possibly for two or three years to come, until the new military system in Germany has been firmly established on a non-aggressive and democratic basis. Such Allied control need not disturb the economic or political peace of Germany. On the contrary it will help to maintain it and to protect Europe against 'unpleasant incidents.'

OPEN DOORS AND RACIAL EQUALITY

THE Tokyo *Yomiuri* points out that many Japanese are confusing two entirely different things — namely, open doors and racial equality. It argues that the Japanese government has an undoubted right to ask for open doors and equal opportunities on the American side of the Pacific, just as the United States and other countries have insisted upon similar concessions in the Orient. Japanese commercial enterprises in Mexico, as well as in Central and South America, it contends, should have equal opportunity with the commercial enterprises of any other country, the United States included. No 'perverted interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine,' as *Yomiuri* phrases it, should be allowed to obstruct the extension of Japanese enterprise in any country which is merely assumed to be within the American sphere of influence.'

The demand for racial equality, on the other hand, it regards as altogether ill-advised, and likely to result in nothing but friction. *Yomiuri's* argument along these lines is significant: —

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From the point of view above mentioned, we rightly urge the open door and equal opportunity in the American spheres of influence, but we believe that it would do more harm than good to urge the equality of races in the sense of immigration into the United States, and that, however strongly the plea might be made, it would be futile. Japan is suffering from an excess of population. There is no question about that in the light of statistics. But it does not follow that there is no other means of disposing of the surplus population than by emigration to the United States. If our emigrants are welcomed, we may send them, but if they are disliked, why should we force them on an unwilling country? The world is spacious. We have nearer home Manchuria, Mongolia, and the South Seas, and, further afield, Brazil. If right steps are taken, it will not be difficult to dispose of one or two hundred thousand people each year. There is no reason why we should hanker after California.

If the United States does not like to admit Japanese laborers, it is, of course, within its rights in prohibiting their entrance, just as Japan does not like the entrance of Chinese laborers and places prohibitive restriction on it. This right should be recognized as inherent in a state, provided no contrary provision is made in a treaty. There would be no use disputing this right of the United States. Apart from the question of right, the Japanese immigration question was settled, whether completely or not, by the so-called Gentleman's Agreement. Strictly speaking, this is not an agreement but a voluntary declaration of the Japanese government. Some people criticize it as a humiliation, but believing from the standpoint of fairness that there is no other peaceful means of settling the immigration question, we have no hesitation in approving the steps taken by the government of that time. We find no reason whatever why this agreement should now be abandoned so as to have the door opened for Japanese immigration into the United States. We cannot see how the existence of the nation could be endangered for the reason that no such steps are taken. Just as we urged at the time of the Paris Conference that the introduction of a race-equality proposal for the sake of the immigration question was unnecessary, so there is no need for a similar proposal to the Washington Conference.

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THE AMSTERDAM CONGRESS

One of the speakers at the International Free Trade Congress, which met at Amsterdam during the second week of September, described Holland as 'the Ararat of Free Trade in a surging sea of Protectionism which has momentarily overwhelmed even Great Britain.' Nevertheless, the interest shown by Dutch business men in the work of the Congress, if one may rely upon the Amsterdam press reports of the proceedings, was not by any means overwhelming. The papers read by the delegates, and the ensuing discussions, attained a high intellectual level; but the personnel of the Congress fell below anticipations. In part, at least, this was because both the French and Belgian free-trade organizations declined to send delegates to the conference when they learned that German representatives were to be there. The free-trade element in the United States was also unrepresented. As a result of these various absences, the preponderating elements in the Congress were the delegates from Great Britain and Holland.

The discussion continued throughout three days, and covered a wide field. Such questions as anti-dumping legislation and colonial preference were debated by several speakers. The Continental free-traders displayed an uncompromising front on both these questions, while the British delegates, as was only natural, were not prepared to go so far.

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A POSSIBLE GERMAN BLOC

According to the discussions in various German journals there is considerable probability of an understand-

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ing between the majority Socialists and the People's Party, thus ensuring the upbuilding of a strong *bloc* in support of republican government. Dr. Stresemann, leader of the People's Party, has made definite announcement that he is in accord with the decisions which the Majority Socialists recently reached at Görlitz, and has pledged the support of the People's Party to the maintenance of the Weimar constitution.

In so far as the Socialists are able to free themselves from dogmatism and devote their energies to the difficult work of economic reconstruction, they will, of course, facilitate a working agreement with the Old National Liberals who form the backbone of the People's Party. If the testimony of the bourgeois newspapers is to be believed, a great many German Socialists, great and small, have profited from the economic disorder of the last two years, and have indeed become capitalists themselves. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Morning Post* declares that, so far as their economic interests are concerned, 'the bulk of the Majority Socialists have joined the *bourgeoisie*.' If this be the case, the party leaders need have no fear that any considerable portion of their followers will go over to the Communists; the danger is rather that they may drift silently into the ranks of the People's Party.

One might think a political alliance between such leaders as Scheidemann and Stinnes to be inconceivable; but observant Germans do not regard this as altogether impossible, in view of the marked toning down which the Socialist programme has undergone. Both leaders are united in their belief that Germany cannot bear the burden imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. In his recent public announcement Herr Stresemann expresses the opinion that Dr. Rathenau did not know what he was talking about when he declared: 'We can fulfill the terms of the Treaty if we wish to do so.'

MINOR NOTES

Discussing the preliminary announcements of the agenda for the Washington Conference, the London *Nation and Athenæum* approves with some reservations the order in which matters are to be taken up: that is to say, naval disarmaments first, and land armaments last. It expresses the opinion that a good deal may come from the discussion of naval questions, but that nothing at all is likely to be agreed upon as regards land armaments at the present time. Logically, the *Nation* points out, economic and territorial issues should be settled and put out of the way before the question of limiting naval strength can be hopefully taken up. It predicts that 'there will be no solution of the naval issue unless an agreement is reached which ends or regulates the economic rivalry.' Commenting on the fact that Japan is preparing to come to the Conference with clean hands by its offer to restore Shantung, the *Nation* proposes that the British government follow this example by restoring Wei-hai-Wei to China.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Journée Industrielle*, commenting on the purchase by British interests of a leading Budapest banking house, points out that this acquisition will place under British control not only the Elbemühl paper works, but also four Vienna newspapers, which have hitherto been the property of this industrial concern. The Pan-German press and the Vienna Socialist papers, the correspondent states, are protesting against the transaction on the ground that the group of newspapers may now become the mouthpiece of foreign interests.

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ITALY AND THE VATICAN

BY F. RUFFINI

[*The writer of this article endeavors to show that although the Holy See has not abated its claim to temporal sovereignty, the problem of adjusting the long-standing controversy between the Vatican and the Quirinal has become much less difficult by reason of the war and through certain changes in the Italian political situation which have come to pass since the close of the war.*]

From *Corriere della Sera, September 7*
(Milan Clerical Liberal Daily)

Those among us who by reason of age or study are familiar with the violence, the vulgarity, and the blind spirit of faction which marked the old polemics on the Roman question, are pleasantly surprised to find that this question has recently been the subject of renewed discussion in a tone of moderation and with a dignity which shows an honest attempt at mutual understanding. This is a result of the war. It is one really great achievement of a struggle which, in the thought of many, was expected (no matter what its issue) to bring about the breakdown of the uncertain equilibrium between the two great antagonists, Italy and the Vatican, and throw the one against the other in a frenzy of renewed animosity.

Now this war, on the contrary, has placed before the Church an Italian state, which never was so great and never so conscious of its greatness. The Italian state is no longer a poor wretch, afraid of having sinned, and crying aloud in order to inspire fear in others as well as to encourage itself. The Italian government knows that to-day no one in the world can or will try to force its hand in order to impose upon it a solution of this problem. Italy knows that the scrupulous way in which, during the war, it fulfilled its sacred obligations toward the absolute independence of the spiritual power of the Pope — obligations which were assumed freely before the whole world in the Law of the Papal Guarantees — has secured for it the approval and the confidence of all nations; so that even the public opinion of Germany, which in its errors and hysteria at the beginning of hostilities proclaimed the failure of the Guarantees, now recognizes, with a certain condescension, which is to us rather flattering, that Italy did not fail to keep its word of honor.

Far from impairing in the Italian state the consciousness of its obligations, all this has made it stronger and has purified it from sectarian affiliations. The Italian state feels that it owes to itself, that is to say, to the best traditions of the Liberal party, which has been at the head of its government since the Roman question came into existence; that it owes to the innate sense of justice and tolerance among the Italian people; that it owes, indeed, to the spirit of the new era which has laid fresh emphasis upon ethical and religious values, the duty to consider this great problem in a more objective and unbiased spirit than in the past, and to analyze it with that fairness of mind which should be displayed by men entrusted with political responsibilities.

But the war has also set before the Italian government a Church and a Papacy endowed with greater strength

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and authority in that field where their past greatness has been conspicuous, and where they will find possibilities of even greater achievement; that is to say, in the realm of spiritual government and in their historic mission as peacemakers among the peoples of the world. This mission has acquired a wider horizon and a larger field, now that other aims not supported by an organization equally venerable have proved ineffective. The immediate resumption of relations between the Holy See and the two Republics of France and Portugal, after the war, notwithstanding that their break with the Vatican had been so open, and despite their suspicions of partiality in Papal policy during the war, provides Italians of all opinions and political parties with food for thought. Quite as significant is the less apparent but none the less substantial homage paid by England to the Papacy in hesitating to recall the extraordinary diplomatic representation which it established at the Vatican during the war. So much for the international aspects of the problem.

As for the internal situation, we cannot overlook the fact that, since the war, and on account of the war, a new political party, the People's Party (*Partito popolare*), has come into existence. Disavowing all anti-national reservations and aims, this party has taken its stand upon a religious, Christian, indeed a Catholic programme; and as a consequence, whether willingly or not, whether openly or not, it is necessarily and energetically a Pontifical party. This new party has thrown itself unreservedly into the arena of the country's political life. Only those who are blind by nature or by perverseness of mind will fail to see how these facts must necessarily determine and influence the policy of the Italian government to-day. In a word, the time is past when it could truly be said that the best ecclesiastical policy was to have no ecclesiastical policy at all.

Will the issue of this new situation, in which the two institutions find themselves no longer at complete odds, be a reconciliation? We have learned, from foreign rather than from Italian sources, that overtures were put forth from both sides during the war, without, however, leading to any definite agreement. The result of these *pourparlers* was, not a positive and complete understanding, but, at any rate, a certain tendency to bring the two interests nearer one another; and this drift has been accelerated on both sides by the organs of the young political parties which are less bound by the trammels of previous utterances.

But since there appeared to be a danger that this press, although not speaking with authority, was beginning to get out of hand, the official organ of the Vatican, *l'Oservatore Romano*, deemed it essential, not long ago, to re-state the Papal point of view. And this, let us say at once, proved to be what it always has been, namely, that territorial jurisdiction is indispensable to the exercise of that actual and not merely honorary sovereignty which the Holy See deems essential to the full and free play of its spiritual authority among the nations — a claim which it believes to be emphatically supported by the Catholic majorities and the Catholic minorities in the various countries of the civilized world.

Where, then, is the new situation, the step forward, the spirit of conciliation?

The new situation is this: that although the general claim remains unsettled, as this official pronouncement gives us clearly to understand, it is in fact reduced to the smallest and most modest dimensions — to the demand for such territorial area as may be needed in order to hoist a flag and thereby to display the symbol which, ac-

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cording to international law, bespeaks the existence of a sovereign state.

The step forward is seen in the explicit promise to recognize the rights of the Italian government over the rest of the former Papal states provided this small concession is granted: 'In granting the modifications deemed sufficient by the Holy See,' the article declares, 'Italy would not be renouncing any legitimate possession; while, on the contrary, she would legitimize her tenure of the rest.' This would not be a negligible gain for the Italian state, the official organ goes on to point out, unless it is determined to insist on the barbarous doctrine: 'La force prime le droit.'

The spirit of conciliation is to be found, not only in the courteous and tolerant language of the article, but also in its appreciation of the courteous and tolerant attitude which the Italian government has shown toward the Holy See. We believe that this article opens the road for an eventual accord. In the last analysis, of course, the old stumbling-block is still there, in nature unchanged, but in extent reduced to a minimum that it has never approached before. The result is that the discussion can now be rigorously circumscribed, or, as we might say, exalted out of the dialectic of mere principles and pure theories.

We are brought back once more, accordingly, to the old question whether the possession of a few square yards of land is really an essential element of sovereignty, as the classical and traditional theory of international law used to teach; or whether the Holy See may not rightly be regarded as a unique institution, entitled to exception from the common rule, and deriving great advantage and prestige therefrom. We put aside the question whether the Italian state could abandon, for the sake of a theory, the path which it has traveled for fifty years — a path first shown by Dante, whose sixth centennial commemoration has been so magnificently marked by the Church itself. Dante, in his great book, *De Monarchia*, expressed the conviction that the two powers must remain in their natural spheres of action, — the civil power in its temporal sphere, and the ecclesiastical power in its spiritual sphere, — with no unlawful interference of one in the realm of the other; and above all, with no claim of temporal sovereignty on the part of the Pope. To him, however, as Dante declares in his concluding chapter, the civil sovereign must show reverence as a son to his father. This is exactly what is provided in the Law of the Papal Guarantees, which recognized in the Pope that preëminence of honor attributed to him by Catholic sovereigns, and puts the King of Italy in a position which is subordinate to that of the Pope, so far as honorary attributions are concerned.

Finally, we do not feel called upon to demonstrate that the misgivings of foreign Catholics may be left out of account; for they have themselves seen how freely the Holy See could take whatever attitude it chose during the war; they have seen their cardinals accorded free access to the Roman Curia, even when they came from countries with which we were at war, and how the instructions of the Holy See reached them regularly, as they themselves have admitted. It is a strange phenomenon of spiritual fossilization that Dr. Porsch, Vice President of the Prussian *Landtag*, should have come forward a few days ago at Frankfurt, in the general meeting of the Sixty-first Congress of the Catholics of Germany, to argue for the sixty-first time that the position of the Pope is intolerable. On this occasion, however, he brings forth the altogether novel argument that the intolerable nature of the situation is proved by

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the admissions of the Italian Liberal party itself, inasmuch as their papers have begun to discuss 'with dignity and respect toward the Holy See' the so-called Roman question. Dr. Porsch presented to the Congress a resolution along this line which was unanimously adopted. Apparently there is not much, to gain by reasoning with some of these people.

Let us consider one further point, which, in our judgment, is the really decisive one. The Holy See, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, announced on June 27, 1915, that the Pope anticipated a settlement of the Roman question, 'not from foreign armies, but from the triumph of those sentiments of justice which he desired to see extended more and more among the Italian people.' It is apparent that the Pope does not desire armed intervention, and it is also clear that he does not care for diplomatic intervention on the part of foreign powers. Such was the fear of Cavour, who would have preferred to such diplomatic intervention a direct accord with the Holy See. The Holy See has recently declared that it has no desire for the so-called internationalization of the Guarantees, which internationalization, by the way, would be so precarious an affair that not even the most ingenuous German philosophers, well-versed in the subtleties of casuistry, were able to tell us during their war-period discussions exactly how the thing could be accomplished.

The Italian government and the Papacy stand, therefore, alone before the bar of justice of the Italian people. In what form does the Pope present his case to this judgment which the Church itself has invoked? We regret to say that it is nothing but the old and universally condemned legitimist and absolutist assumption — that is to say, its ancient right of sovereignty by the grace of God. Is the solemn plebiscite of October, 1870, which has never been repudiated (but which, on the contrary, has been strengthened through more than fifty years by the most explicit and unanimous declarations), to be cast aside as meaningless at a time when people are fighting for the principle of self-determination?

It may be replied that even to-day many groups of people have been detached from their national entities without consulting them. That is true; but it has been done as a consequence of the victory, by stress of necessity, and for the purpose of bringing them under more civilized and more liberal governments. But the Catholic Church, as Count Cavour once remarked, is of necessity and by definition so organized that it cannot exercise a temporal power save in the form of an absolution — with no congress, no parliament, no trade unions; indeed, with none of the institutions that are essential to democracy — or, if you like, to modern demagogism. If such be the case, how would it be possible to take even ten Italian citizens and impose on them a temporal government of churchmen?

A man who for thirty years has lived in intimate touch with Italo-Vatican relations, and who may be rightly considered in this field an exponent of the popular common sense of the Italians; a man who is known by the Vatican to have fervently and sincerely desired reconciliation, both as a loyal patriot and a loyal believer (the former Police-Commissioner of Borgo,[1] Giuseppe Manfroni, whose book, *On The Threshold of the Vatican,* I, introduced last year to the readers of the *Corriere,* and whose second volume, no less interesting than the first, has now appeared), in listening to one of the many projects for the reëstablishment of the temporal

[1] The Roman ward in which the Vatican stands.

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power even on a very small scale, could not refrain from interrupting with these words: 'How would it be possible to bring back into a temporal allegiance my brave Borghigiani, who have tasted freedom and found it so much to their liking that they are never satiated, and, were it not for me, would carry it beyond bounds?' The idea of restoring the Pontifical state, even on the smallest scale, is now more than a historical and political difficulty. As a practical matter it is out of the question. Not even the famous project elaborated by the hapless Erzberger at the instigation of the German Foreign Secretary in cooperation with the Emperor of Austria, succeeded in overcoming this difficulty; on the contrary, it managed only to conjure up a juridical and political monstrosity, as I have already demonstrated in another article.

But might not the Italian state on its own part take the initiative? No. The Law of the Papal Guarantees has itself, in that section which concerns the internal relations between State and Church (Article 18), laid down a sound foundation and good starting-point for concessions which would be of advantage to the Church itself.

Likewise, Article 5, of this first section, which refers to the enjoyment of the Apostolic palaces, the villas and the annexed buildings, might be changed, let us say it frankly, so as to be more respectful to the Holy See than it has been up to the present time. It would be possible, moreover, to breathe into those old formulas a new and vivifying spirit such as would enable the Holy See, free from small cares as well as from sterile regrets, to move with greater freedom in that lofty atmosphere where rests the goal of its mission on earth.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN INDIA

BY G. BUETZ

[*The author of this article is a well-known writer upon Far Eastern affairs, whose articles usually betray pro-native sympathies, doubtless due in part to his hostility to Germany's recent enemies.*]

From *Deutsche Politik, September* 10
(German Nationalist Weekly)

Serious unrest is reported in India, and we are asking for the thousandth time whether its people have resumed their long struggle for liberty in a form which really threatens England, or whether the disturbances will prove merely transient and local.

In order to answer that question satisfactorily, we must know why revolutionary sentiment exists in India. Economic conditions there, when reënforced by a nationalist movement, were certain to produce a revolt against the British government. First, then, let us consider India's economic grievances.

England believed it could make a permanent proletariat of the Indian nation. The measures it adopted to accomplish this were to discourage artificially popular education and to tax the

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people heavily. India had more public schools before the English conquered the country than it has to-day, and after one hundred and fifty years of British rule, 90 per cent of the males and 99 per cent of the females are unable to read and write. Taxation is so burdensome that from thirty to forty million of the population are undernourished. India is forced to pay for its own government, including the salaries of its English rulers and administrators, and the staff of the India Office in London. It must also support the British Army in India and finance all military campaigns conducted in the interests of India. It must pay the pensions of all officials and officers, military or civilian, who have been employed in India. Since the revenues have been inadequate for these purposes, the country has borrowed money in England at a high rate of interest. Hitherto the country has not been able to increase its revenues. The country's income is derived from exports. For years the people have made every effort to increase the value of those exports, by shipping them in the form of manufactured goods instead of cheap raw materials. England, however, wishes to sell its manufactures in India and to buy cheap raw materials from that country. Consequently, its government artificially discourages factories there. The public revenues are raised largely by a tax on land. That tax supplies 40 per cent of the public income and reaches 50 per cent of the net product of the cultivator. Since agricultural produce is very cheap, the Indian peasant has been impoverished by this system. It has resulted in a famine whenever there is a crop failure. Such famines occur frequently.

So long as India was exclusively an agricultural country, this artificial holding down of the masses involved no dangers. But the moment India began to have an industrial proletariat, the situation changed. That condition has at length arrived. During the war, England was compelled by necessity to promote Indian manufactures in order to satisfy its own military needs. Cut off by hostilities from the merchandise of the other great industrial nations, and inadequately supplied with merchandise from England, India was forced to also manufacture for its own consumption. Since the country's population is in round numbers 300,000,000, this meant the erection of large establishments. During the latter years of the war, local factories produced half the cotton goods consumed in the country. Industrial cities sprang up to become seed-beds of revolutionary agitation. Before the war India had less than 2,000,000 factory operatives; to-day it has in the neighborhood of 10,000,000.

But the effect of this transformation is still greater than these figures would suggest. As in all countries in which manufactured industries have been recently established, the operatives spent but part of their time in the factories. They are constantly moving back and forth between these establishments and their country homes. Thus, the working people carry their revolutionary ideas to the peasantry, where they have spread like wildfire among 32,000,000 rural laborers. The latter are among the most oppressed and impoverished of all working classes. Next to them come the oppressed peasantry. The result has been to sow the seeds of discontent and revolt far and wide among the common people. These include 50,000,000 Indian peasants who live constantly near the starvation level.

The revolutionary agitation among these masses is radical to the last degree; its purpose is to expel the British rulers by an armed insurrection. A group of nationalist extremists is at its head. These leaders are drawn from the impecunious sections of the native middle

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classes — students, native officials, and brain workers, whose incomes as a rule are extremely meagre. While the primary object of these men is to liberate India from English rule, they have knit up this movement with the strictly economic struggle of the proletariat, so as to utilize the discontent prevalent among the exploited and under-nourished masses as a weapon in their own propaganda of revolt.

While it is obvious, therefore, that India has amply sufficient cause for trying to expel by force its British masters, it does not necessarily follow that their enterprise has any prospect of success. Let us now take up that question.

This is a question to which a positive answer cannot be given. We can only indicate a number of facts which point in the direction of an answer. First, it is perfectly certain that England will never voluntarily grant India what it demands. That would imply the voluntary evacuation of the country. Since India is the very corner-stone of England's political power, and, we may say, her business and commercial supremacy as well, and Britain's very existence is bound up with that of India, it goes without saying that the British government will shrink from nothing to retain control of the country. From this it logically follows that a successful revolution in India will have to be an armed revolution. Such a revolution, if successful, might have either of two results: the complete expulsion of the English; or an open door to free development under English suzerainty.

An armed insurrection cannot succeed unless there is perfect unity of command; and this seems quite impossible at present. India has been divided within itself for ages by differences of religion, language, and political ideals. Several tongues of entirely different derivation are spoken within its boundaries. Since there is no such thing as a real public-school system, English cannot be used as a common tongue, because a vast majority of the natives do not know that language. It will be an extraordinarily difficult task to create a single national consciousness among so many distinct tribes and races. Religion has now ceased to be so much of a dividing line as formerly, but this change is of very recent date. It is too soon to decide whether it is destined to be permanent. Hitherto, progress has been mainly toward bettering relations between Mohammedans and Hindus. The two confessions are fundamentally antagonistic to each other, and when the first Indian National Congress assembled, in 1885, as a result of the enthusiastic labors of the Indian Liberal, Hume, very few Mohammedans were represented. For years thereafter the National Congress was essentially a congress of Hindus. The width of the gulf between the two religions, is vividly revealed by the fact that the Mohammedan Indian leader, Saphid Ahmed, organized a rival separate congress known as the Mohammedan Educational Conference. When Bengal was partitioned in 1911, the followers of Islam, realizing that England's policy represented a peril for them, endeavored to improve the relations between the two religions. Side by side with the Hindu national movement, a Mohammedan movement sprang up, which expressed itself by the organization, in 1906, of the All India Moslem League. The war stimulated this agitation, which, as early as 1911, assumed a more radical character. Three years later, the Hindu National Congress and the Moslem League met together. In 1919, the Moslem League urged its members not to slaughter cattle, as a concession to the religious sentiments of the Hindus. In 1920 Hindus and Mohammedans together followed the coffin of the Nationalist leader, Bal Gangadhar, to

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his grave, thus testifying to their complete unity in the cause of India. These concessions by the Mohammedans are a direct result of England's policy toward their Turkish brethren, and to the occupation of Constantinople.

Questionable political principles have found favor within the Nationalist Indian movement. We can classify the participants of this movement into three groups. First come the rank and file, fighting for purely economic advantages; next come the radical nationalists of the middle class; last of all are recruits from wealthier members of the middle class. Among the latter are rich Indian merchants, prosperous lawyers and physicians, and well-to-do landowners. The members of this group owe their prosperity to the civilization and the security which England has brought their country. They do not wish separation from England, but desire administrative reforms which will give the natives a limited space in the government. These men happen to be the most influential people in the movement. They mainly furnish the funds. Between them and the radicals there is no common ground. There cannot be, because the moderate, well-to-do reformers know that India's political freedom would be bought at the cost of their personal fortunes. They demand broader participation in the government in order to promote the commercial and industrial development of the country. They hope that they can thereby make India stronger economically than Great Britain itself. They do not sympathize with the material aims of the masses. They want low wages and are hostile to organized labor. They are satisfied with the reforms which England introduced late in 1919. In a word, they do not lend strength to the present agitation.

Another factor in the situation is that the employment of Indian troops during the World War has greatly lowered the esteem in which the natives formerly held the whites. The color bar between the two races, which England has hitherto maintained, is breaking down. Then again the partitioning of Turkey has agitated the people. The radical movements in England itself constantly add fuel to the fire. Many men have been executed or otherwise severely punished for political offences without receiving a fair trial. Naturally, all this has strengthened the present agitation. The reforms which it was intended to introduce in the spring of 1921, could not be put fully into effect for this reason, and probably never will be. Last of all, in the same way that India, at an earlier period, welcomed with enthusiasm the Greek and the Italian wars of liberation, to-day they welcome Bolshevism in the form in which it has been propagated in the Mohammedan countries.

We get a clue to England's weakened authority in India in the fact that it has not dared to resist the non-coöperation movement. That is an idealist and impractical, but none the less extremely dangerous, agitation, which aims to overthrow British rule in India by a general strike. Peasants are to cease cultivating the soil, merchants to cease buying and selling wares, factory operatives are to cease production, government officials are to leave their desks. England's great administrative machine in India consists for the most part of native employees. There are some 150,000 of these civil servants. No Indian is to buy British merchandise or to ship Indian commodities to Great Britain. The apostle of this doctrine of demoralization is Gandhi, whom the English officials have not dared to touch.

However, we must bear in mind that mighty England here faces a nation which is not united by speech, religion,

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or common political ideals, a land in the first steps of industrial development, an unarmed people. The censorial press grants Indian sentiment not even a voice. The government has at its call an extensive and excellent secret service. Great Britain's army regulations in India forbid training a native to serve in the artillery—a measure of prudence taught by the great mutiny of 1857.

Beyond question England's situation in India is not a rosy one. We may expect the ferment which has been in progress there, without interruption since 1911, to find a vent in serious disorders. But there is little hope that the 'India for the Indians' campaign will succeed. The men best equipped to lead such a campaign have profited too much from the present government to kill the cow they milk. It will be a remarkable success for the present movement, if the reforms already promised are eventually secured.

RATHENAU AND STINNES

BY REGINALD KANN

From *L'Illustration, September 24*
(Paris Illustrated Weekly)

Chancellor Wirth has taken advantage of the period when Parliament is not sitting to give some exact information as to his financial proposals. The reception which the press has granted them permits us to anticipate the stirring debates which will take place when Parliament reassembles, September 27. The assassination of Erzberger can but envenom these debates. In the struggles which will very likely be implacable, two men are called to take a considerable part, less through their direct action than through the influence which they exert, the one upon the ministry, the other in the Reichstag. The first is Walter Rathenau, the most vigorous personality in the government, whose recent negotiations at Wiesbaden with M. Loucheur have just thrown him into still higher relief. The second is Hugo Stinnes, the secret chief of the party which represents the common interest of the magnates of the Ruhr. Both these celebrated business men are newcomers to politics at the moment when they are about to play a rôle that may be preponderant in the destinies of Germany and it is not without interest to glance at their past careers.

Walter Rathenau is the son of the founder of the *Allgemeine Electrizitæts Gesellschaft* of Berlin, ordinarily designated by its initials, A.E.G. In spite of its comparatively recent origin, this is the most important private industry in Europe. Since it began in 1883, with a modest capital of 5,000,000 marks, it has developed by a series of prodigious bounds. In 1905 its capital reached 100,000,000 marks, and in 1914 it was 155,000,000. Both during and after the war, its progress kept on, and in 1917 its capital attained the figure of 200,000,000, the next year 300,000,000,

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then 550,000,000, and finally, this year, 850,000,000 marks. Compared with this amazing expansion, even Krupp's, with its 250,000,000, capital and the Phœnix Company, with its 275,000,000, lag far in the rear.

The A.E.G. produces all kinds of electrical apparatus, from the greatest to the very smallest, from the pocket flashlight to the turbine motor of 65,000 horsepower which, in 1912, was delivered in 1912 in the Union of South Africa to transform into high-tension current the energy of the Zambezi. Dynamos, alternators, locomotives, tractors, motor-carriages, gigantic turbines — all these come from its workshops, as well as computators and every type of diminutive electrical installation. Before the war, the A.E.G. had ten factories, thousands of office employees, and nearly 80,000 workers, men and women.

It was in this atmosphere of dizzy success that Walter Rathenau grew up. But for all that, his activity has not been constantly linked with his father's enterprise. He made his first strokes outside that field. After he had finished his studies at the Universities of Berlin and Strassburg, the young engineer went for practical business training to factories in Switzerland and Savoy. These preliminary stages finished, he started up the ladder in the A.E.G., rapidly coming to the top. But because there was at that time an agreement pending with the rival Simons-Schuckert Company, Walter Rathenau did not succeed in carrying out his own ideas, and retired. With his friend Dernburg, Secretary of State for the Colonies, he then took part in a trip to the German possessions in Africa, for purposes of study. Next, he represented at Paris the interests of the German concessionaires for the exploitation of mineral deposits in Morocco. This mission had no result. A little while afterward, we find him directing one of the chief banks of Berlin, and reëntering the A.E.G. as president of the board of directors. He had just given new vitality to the business when the war intervened.

From the very first day of the conflict, Rathenau appreciated the crisis which faced the belligerents, namely, the rapid disappearance of raw materials, if, as was generally feared, hostilities should be prolonged. The blockade by sea rendered this danger more serious for the Central Powers than for their enemies. He succeeded in making the government share his fears and was entrusted with the duty of establishing, under the Ministry of War, a bureau for the supply of raw materials. In methodical fashion and with indefatigable energy, Rathenau set up an organization which enabled Germany to go through the struggle almost without importing anything from abroad. He has been accused in France of having instigated the confiscation of machinery and tools and the destruction of our factories in the North and East. This accusation does not seem to have much foundation, for Rathenau gave up his post at the beginning of 1915, when our industrial establishments were still intact. On the other hand, it is much more probable that he did not remain wholly guiltless of the transfer to Germany of the various stocks of raw materials existing in the invaded regions, — metals, wool, linen, and other merchandise, — although he has always denied the charge. At the end of six or eight months, Rathenau resigned his post, following intrigues which were provoked, it is said, by the jealousy of certain military chiefs. He went away feeling hurt at not having received a recognition commensurate with the sacrifices which he had made and the services which he felt that he had rendered. He had received nothing but the

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iron cross of the second class. From that day, Rathenau, who had returned for the third time to the A.E.G., held himself aloof from public office until Dr. Wirth entrusted him with the portfolio of Reconstruction.

Walter Rathenau is not merely a clever industrial manager and a devoted servant of his country; he has also made himself known as one of the most brilliant and daring economists of our time. Once, during the course of his career, he was led to remark that the application of science to industry had the effect of chaining the man to the machine. The machine held him bound; it chained him to his job. More leisure is needed, he said, for the free soaring of the spirit, for beauty, for the free flight of ideas. The invading spirit of the machine has taken possession of everyday life and will not let it go. How can we escape this slavery? How can we free the human race from this so-called progress which binds it down? Is it possible to restrict the rôle of the machine, and to turn right-about in industrial methods? No. Quite the contrary. The remedy consists in still further perfecting the mechanical means of production, while at the same time disciplining them, thus making them no longer instruments of domination, but of deliverance.

Modern machinery ought to have reduced the sum of human labor. In reality it has increased it, because it has been employed for the benefit of special interests and not for the benefit of the community. Every new invention has been employed to eliminate competitors, and most frequently it has profited only a small group of people, often only a single man. It is from this regrettable use of progress that we should strive to escape. We must spiritualize machinery to a certain degree in order to enjoy its benefits instead of being overwhelmed by it. Such considerations make us understand the need for a rational and unselfish distribution of industrial resources. In every branch of industry we must move toward coöperation and must eschew competition, so that we may increase production while we diminish the amount of work. A fraternal understanding among all similar industrial enterprises, and among all the men who participate in them, — directors, technical men, workmen, — will then replace, in the most fruitful fashion, a rivalry which has found in the trusts of America its most fiercely competitive and most sterile expression. . . . It is easy to see that this implies radical reforms and the complete remaking of the present social organization. It is just as far away from the régime of free competition of our day as it is from Socialist projects which seek to substitute the state for the individual. It seems rather to approximate the system of the old-time guilds to which, however, it brings some improvements, but whose principal inconvenience it does not avoid.

When we come to Hugo Stinnes, we descend from the heights to the earth, and even below. We come into the domain of coal and iron. His political theories have nothing to do with elevated views, with generous preoccupations, and do not spring from philosophic reflections. It is simply positive and explains itself in a few words. 'Industry is the only force remaining in Germany. Its development alone can save her. Now it is I, Stinnes, who have contributed most to its prosperity, who am best placed to make it fruitful in the future, for I shall soon have established my control over everything that is worth while, and so it is my ideas which the government ought to follow and my decisions which ought to be its guide.' Hugo Stinnes is following in his father's footsteps. Sprung from a family of

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small business men at Mülheim-on-the-Rhine, he was placed, upon graduation, in a business office in Coblenz to get his start in industry. He did not stay there very long. Rather than undergo the restraint of this monotonous, commercial apprenticeship, he preferred to launch out as a simple miner when his father cut off his allowance. He wielded a pick until a reconciliation with his family was affected, whereupon he went to take a course in the Institute of Mines at Berlin. After a year of study, he came back to his home, where he might have found employment in his family's business; but he was too sure of his own powers for that — he had too much confidence in his star. With very modest resources, he struck out on his own account as a coal-dealer. Endowed with an iron will, with a stubborn perseverance, with organizing talents better than those of his competitors, his success was made. Within twenty years he had attained one of the highest positions in German industry as director of the German Luxemburg Mines and Factories Company, a concern which used Rhenish coal and iron ore coming from iron lands acquired in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg in order to supply the foundries and steel mills at Mülheim. Stinnes was already worth 40,000,000 marks when the war provided him with an unexpected springboard. He was one of the cleverest and luckiest profiteers.

The peace surprised Stinnes at the time of his greatest momentum, and seemed to have done him harm by taking away his Luxemburg mines. At a time when other people would have retraced their steps, or at least stood still for a while, he merely used the situation to get a more vigorous start. First of all, he employed the capital with which the state supplied him because of his losses in Luxemburg, to conclude an advantageous agreement with the powerful coal company of Gelsenkirchen. This solid base permitted him to start a new series of expansions, of a nature theretofore unknown in Germany. Hitherto there had been only alliances and agreements between businesses of the same sort — alliances especially designed to conquer foreign markets. Stinnes started off in another direction by absorbing business enterprises of every kind which depended on his own tributaries of iron and coal. The field is almost unlimited. There are the machine factories, the electric factories, the manufacturers, the chemical products — and the range is growing. Then one goes on to shipbuilding, and to navigation companies. But travelers who use the steamboat lines need hotels; so hotels are bought at Hamburg, at Berlin, at Frankfurt. Then appears the idea that it is a good thing to work on the minds of the buying public, and from this springs the acquisition of a part of the press, both in the capital and in the provinces. And then come printing establishments, publishing houses, and paper factories. Instead of the so-called 'horizontal' concentrations of yesterday, which applied only to industries of the same sort, Stinnes has created 'vertical' concentration all the way from raw materials to the finished product, from the mine to the ship — to the automobile — to a package of needles — to a newspaper!

And the Stinnes business enterprises grow without ceasing. They are here, they are there, stretching out to right and left, gaining one position after another, even extending abroad — you find them everywhere. As for his own private fortune, nobody can estimate it. It has become an immense stream which flows from one company to another, transforms itself perpetually, scatters itself, then gathers itself together again and tries to submerge everything that it finds in its way. Its

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rather puzzling ubiquity has heightened the credit of its possessor and serves to amplify its submerging action. Where will it stop? Can it forever keep up its rate of progress? Some people express doubts — and foresee that it will be exhausted, that it will succumb, because it tries to make contact with too many things. Some day this octopus with a thousand tentacles will find political obstacles standing insuperably across its path.

During the war, Stinnes was a great industrial leader. He was called upon to enter the service of the government and became one of its supply agents. He was accorded a place at general headquarters and immediately took up his position among the most uncompromising nationalists. Did he not assert with his cold impudence that the Alsatians had always been Germans at heart, that the protesting deputies of 1871 misrepresented the sentiment of the people, that the general joy which greeted the return of our flag was merely the fleeting exuberance of people who were glad to see their territory no longer in the ration area?

But for all that, after the Treaty was signed, he sounded out the territory toward the west, hoping that he could negotiate profitable contracts in France. His rebuff in that direction, his lack of success at the Spa Conference, where he intervened clumsily in questions relating to the delivery of oil, only made him all the keener in our direction.

A year ago, Stinnes got himself elected to the Reichstag as a candidate of the German People's Party, which is the mouthpiece of big business. He has not yet been seen on the floor, but he exercises a dominant influence over his group.

Since the accession of Minister Wirth, Walter Rathenau and Hugo Stinnes stand face to face. Everything separates them; their private business interests, their political influence, their social ideas. In the presence of these two men, Berlin industry stands opposed to that of the Ruhr, liberalism to reaction, *Planwirtschaft* against monopoly, mind against matter. Can they understand one another, or must they of necessity come to blows? Hitherto, they have been watching one another and have avoided coming to grips. Rathenau has given pledges of moderation to the Right by declaring that Germany was too weak to make any effort at economic reconstruction. Stinnes has not yet concerned himself in the votes of confidence for which the government asked. What will be his attitude tomorrow? His party is the most homogeneous and the strongest. It is he who will turn the scale. Upon the agreement or the hostility of Rathenau and Stinnes may depend the political orientation of Germany.

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CLOSE TO THE LAND—SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN VILLAGE LIFE

BY J. OKUNEV

[*This is one of a series of sketches of life in Russian villages by a famous war correspondent at the Russian front, now traveling through Russian rural districts for the Moscow* Pravda.]

From *Moscow Pravda, September* 3
(Official Bolshevist Organ)

The schoolhouse used to be a landowner's home. In former days there was an iron railing around it; but the iron bars were carried off long ago, and the only things that now remain of the railing are the four stone posts and the heavy iron gate. The building stands at quite a distance from the village, by the main road, on a high, sun-lit spot.

The teacher is ill with consumption. His face is emaciated, green, always angry. He sits on his chair, all bent forward, and shakes his little thin beard as he tells me his grievances.

'They want me to educate them,' he was saying in his hoarse, rasping voice, 'and how am I going to do it? There are no books, or paper, or pencils. And then, have you any idea of what the village people are like? No? And yet you come here to "touch their hearts"! They are like beasts. Even the children. Why, a boy of seven smokes and uses the worst kind of profanity, and sings the most disgustingly obscene songs. Just try to touch their hearts!'

As I listened to this man with yellow instead of white rings around the pupils of his eyes, I thought that he must be very bilious, and I listened to him with the same feeling that one experiences in listening to a man who is ill.

'Beasts, that's all they are. They won't move an eyelash, if you die in their plain sight. This spring they were cutting up the meadows, and I begged of them to give me a small strip for my cow. Would n't give me an inch. "You would n't cut the hay yourself," they say to me. "You 'd hire somebody to cut it for you. You are not entitled to any meadow land." And why am I not entitled? And now they are trying to get away from me the land around the school, which we are using for an experimental farm. The beasts!'

He choked in his anger and coughed strenuously. His eyes filled with tears as he coughed, and his face became covered with red blotches. And through his coughing, he still repeated a number of times, 'The beasts!'

Just at that moment the door opened slowly. A pair of strong bare legs appeared through it, then a light-bearded, blue-eyed face peered in, and finally a tall, strongly built figure appeared in the doorway.

'Peter Andreyevich,' said the newcomer in a loud, ringing voice, smiling so that his even white teeth gleamed merrily, 'I've come for the newspaper.'

'I won't give it to you,' rasped out the teacher.

'Why won't you?' asked the bearded fellow in genuine astonishment. 'Will I eat it up? I'll return it to you.'

'The devils, the devils, all of you!' the teacher shrieked at him, striking

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the table with his tiny bony fists. 'You won't give me a piece of the meadow land, or any wood, and then expect me to serve you and teach you. What am I to you — a dog? No paper for you. Get out!'

The bearded visitor gave a short laugh, turned around slowly, and started away, saying: —

'The trouble with you, Peter Andreyevich, is that you are ill. That 's why you scold everybody. Good-bye.'

I followed the bearded fellow out of the schoolhouse. Half closing his eyes against the bright sun, he stood there looking at me with a slight smile.

'What a devil! Worse than a dog,' he said to me.

'He is complaining about you. Says that you don't treat him well,' said I.

'Is that so?' the bearded fellow exclaimed ironically. 'We don't treat him right? And how about him? Is he the sort of a teacher we ought to have?'

'What 's wrong with him?'

'Ask the children who go to his school. He 's worse than a wild beast with them. Beats them all the time. We don't want a fellow like that. We've already written a complaint about him — a good complaint, too.'

'What 's your name?' I asked him.

'My name? Mitriy. Or if you want my other name, Zaitzev. But what do you want it for?' he asked suddenly, and a troubled expression came into his face. 'Who are you, anyway?'

I told him.

'We are all afraid of everything,' he explained to me. 'If you complain much, they 'll get you.'

'Have they ever got you?'

'N—no. But the old folks say—' He was again lively and merry. 'The old folks tell us all the time we ought to be afraid, and not say anything. The teacher's head is n't like ours: he knows a lot. He might write somewhere.'

'So you are fighting with the teacher, eh?'

'Yes, fighting all the time,' said Mitriy merrily. 'We want a teacher who would n't beat the children. We've been beaten long enough. We are still afraid of a lot of things, but we won't let anybody do that. It's the revolution.'

'The teacher was complaining to me that the peasants around here are like wild beasts.'

'That 's true about the old folks. They just make life unbearable. The moment they see any of the young people reading a book, they must know all about it, and if there is anything there against religion. And the moment they suspect anything, they just throw the book into the stove. One of the fellows here, Matvey, came back from the military service and told everybody he was a Communist. And my — my, what happened then! The old folks nearly ate him alive. Gave him the worst kind of land, all near the sand, and hardly any meadow land at all. And he is a good fellow, too. Maybe you have a paper? Then we'd go to Matvey tonight and you'd see for yourself what sort of a fellow Matvey is.'

'Yes, I have a paper.'

'You have? That 's fine.' Mitriy was genuinely glad. 'That 's fine. I 'll go and tell Matvey. And you'll come tonight, will you?"

'Yes, I 'll come.'

Matvey is an invalid. A wooden peg takes the place of one of his legs. His black hair shows signs of premature whiteness. But his black, bulging eyes are ablaze, and whenever he speaks, every word of his sounds firm and confident.

Matvey was sitting on the bench. Opposite him, on a stool, sat his father — a short, weazened little man with a thin beard.

'They take and take all the time,' the

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old man was saying complainingly. 'And what did they give us? Nothing but the cholera.'

'They gave you land,' said Matvey firmly.

'La—and, yes,' repeated the old man, and spat on one side contemptuously. 'Land! If they 'd give us all the land, it would have been different. But this way. Where there were landowners before, there are still landowners now.'

'What landowners?' asked I in surprise.

Matvey smiled, for he apparently knew what landowners his father would speak about.

'What landowners? The Soviet estates, right next door to us, same as the landowners,' the old man shouted angrily. 'They have a tractor and eight horses. Is n't that like a landowner?'

'But they are peasants, the poorer peasants, too,' said I in reply.

'The poor peasants,' the old man repeated after me with derision. 'I know the kind they are, the cholera take them! And if they were ours at least. But they brought them from way over in Kaluga. What do they want here, anyway? Only to take up our land. And the way they work, too. Just eight hours, from bell to bell.'

Matvey screwed up his eyes and asked his father: —

'And last spring, I suppose, they did n't plant their ground at all, seeing they are working by the bell?'

'No, they planted the whole thing, the cholera take them,' the old man threw at him angrily.

'And maybe they did n't harvest the whole crop?'

'Finished it in two days, the devils. But if we had their machines, we could do that, too. Just give us the machines.'

'What would you do with a machine? You would n't have room enough to turn round on your own land. If you got a machine, you 'd probably have to start a commune.'

'I? Go into a commune? I don't want your machines and I don't want your commune. Let them perish together, the two of them!'

And feeling that his position in this regard was not particularly strong, the old man started again on the old tack.

'All they want is to get something from us. Now they are demanding the grain tax. And why should I pay it?'

'But you must pay something to the state,' replied Matvey. 'It's a just tax.'

'And what the devil do I want the state for, anyway? I can live without it. The way we understand what's just and what is n't is that, if I am my own master, I live as I want to live and I do what I want to do. And this way, all they know is to take something away from us.'

At that moment, Mitriy and two young peasants entered the room. One of them was about eighteen and wore city clothes. The other was dressed like a villager.

'Here we are,' shouted Mitriy from the doorway. 'Here are the workmen,' and he pointed demonstratively at the young fellow in city clothes. 'Here are the peasants,' and he pointed to himself. 'And here is the Red Army,' pointing at Matvey. 'Everybody is here.'

He began to laugh, and the room seemed suddenly too small for his huge figure and loud voice.

The old man jumped up from his stool.

'Yes, yes, they are all here. I can no longer be master in my own home. All right, friends and comrades, go to all the devils!' And he accompanied this with an outburst of the choicest profanity, and then ran out of the room. The boys burst out laughing.

'He has no use for us,' said Mitriy.

'That's nothing,' said Matvey

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thoughtfully. 'They'll grumble for a year or two and then maybe die out. What can you do with them? But the new people will come and everything will move along. They'll come, I tell you.'

The second young fellow said, pointing to the one in city clothes: —

'And his father is chasing him out of the house. "If you are for the Communist," he says to him, "go where you came from. We don't want anybody like you here."

'That's true,' said the workman. 'Father is chasing me out of the house, and mother is crying all the time. "You've sold your soul to the devil," she says, "and now you don't believe in God."'

'And don't you believe at all?' asked Mitriy.

'No, not at all.'

'You don't say?' asked Mitriy quickly. 'How can it be without God? Where did all this come from?'

'That's what science is for. It explains everything to the last dot. It all came without any god,' said the workman.

Mitriy whistled. 'Without God? That's a miracle for you.'

'Let's read the paper,' suggested Matvey.

We began to read. My audience listened with utmost attention, occasionally interrupting me with exclamations like this: —

'That's a brainy minister for you, that Lloyd George!'

'That Lloyd George knows how to hold the workmen in his fist.'

'Bad business with that famine. You can't feed a crowd like that all at once.'

We were not nearly through reading the paper, when Matvey's father returned, blew out the lamp without a word, and then shouted: —

'Get out of here, all of you! Burning up all of my oil! Get out, I am telling you. I own this place. I won't let you read here, the cholera take you all!'

CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN THE PYRENEES

BY JOVÉ

From *L'Illustration, September* 17
(Paris Illustrated Weekly)

In spite of the clearest of August sunlight, in spite of the weariness of four hours' traveling in high mountain country, men and beasts have scarcely thrown off their loads when the order is given to pitch our tents, a useful precaution in these regions, where swift changes of temperature are frequent. Late in the evening a heavy mass of clouds comes sweeping up the gorge through which the lake pours out its waters. An unequaled combat follows between that unstable mass and a slight wind in the opposite direction. After a little time, the menacing, cloudy mass bursts through the barrier, to come sweeping along over the lake, pouring down water with the speed of a galloping horse. This curious phenomenon occurs again and again. We hasten to get our fishing lines out into the lake before we are completely

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drenched by this little storm. Caught between two contrary tempests, these clouds whirl in a fantastic saraband. There is no waiting for the hurricane. The cloth of our tents flaps with a dull sound. Enormous drops of water fall almost everywhere. This strange rain is preceded by a cold drizzle, the prelude to a short and violent flurry of a loose, heavy snow.

The equipment of our chamois-hunters is reduced to its simplest terms. If Tartarin de Tarascon had seen us departing for the chase, he would have had the most profound contempt for these intrepid mountaineers. Some cartridges and a crust of bread constitute their munitions for the journey. A carbine of six-millimetre calibre and powerful field-glasses complete their equipment. No picks, no ropes, no guides. Stout shoes thickly studded with iron are enough to allow the hunter to cling to the cracks in the granite and he can go wherever he needs. These men know the country thoroughly, and there are no habits of the chamois which they do not know. One of them, who is directing the chase and assigning posts to the hunter, seems to entertain a low opinion of me. My ignorance might lead to mistakes which would spoil everything, both my own share and the hunt itself. He keeps me with himself. I shall be close to him. I am delighted with the arrangement.

Success in chamois-hunting is a matter of seeing the animal before it sees the hunter—to see it in the country where it lives at 100 or 1000 metres. Now, to see an animal of the build of a goat against reddish herbage, which is moving slowly among tufts of grass of the same color, amid the rocks and stones in which blocks of reddish tint abound — to find our prey in such deceptive surroundings is an achievement in itself. How many times I have brought the twelve-fold enlarging glasses to bear on a stone, and suddenly seen a chamois in motion! So there is no reason to be astonished because tourists who have traveled a hundred times in the Pyrenees assure you that the chamois is a myth in those regions. When you find a chamois, he is too far away to be shot, and you try either to approach him, or else to start him toward a place which is watched by a companion in the hunt. A few rifle-shots coming from the right direction against rocks will often make the animal think that the attack is coming from a point opposite where the hunter really is. In any case, the alarm is given. It is a time when the unexpected rules.

Very often the endurance of the hunter is given a hard test. Dressed in clothing of neutral tint, a man must make his body blend with the rock. Under a fiery sun, or caught in an icy brook, he must remain motionless for several hours. With infinite precaution, the hunter scans the country before him with his field-glasses. If the chamois comes down the mountain by one of the almost perpendicular slopes, the stones which his passing sets rolling into the depths below will reveal his presence. It is by climbing up, one glued fast against another, that we reach our post, from which we can look out over all the approaches by which the chamois can appear. We are in the midst of a great amphitheatre. While I am getting my apparatus ready, my companion builds a little wall of stone around us. There is nothing now to be seen except my photographic apparatus and my head. All the rest is covered by a tent of coarse cloth with a large mesh. Even at a short distance, I seem like nothing but a rock — a rock with a heart which beats rather loudly.

In the middle of this great amphitheatre, the silence is scarcely broken

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by the low gurgling of the water flowing from the glacier. At intervals the echo of distant croakings reaches us. A flock of vultures moves ceaselessly above the amphitheatre. Paying no attention to man, a butterfly lights on my hand. A few rifle-shots fired behind the crests send some chamois in our direction. They gallop along about 600 metres from us. This little herd is led by a fine stag, a veteran who has worked out a clever way of concealing himself among the sharp points of the crest at the south of the amphitheatre. The breeze, whose direction has changed, must have betrayed us. A little bit later a single chamois comes out about 200 metres below us. 'Get ready! I am going to try to wound him for you so that you can get nearer,' my companion whispers to me.

A shot stops my skeptical smile. The animal, struck in the hind quarters, pauses a few moments and then dashes off at full speed. Another shot, and this time the chamois gives a leap and falls some metres away. I leap from my tower of stone and run toward the wounded animal, which is lying at the top of a slope of about forty-five degrees. I don't get ahead very fast — one step forward and two backward. My weight sets little avalanches of pebbles tumbling, and I roll along with them. At length, out of breath, and with my hands and skin bleeding, I reach the place about twenty metres away, where the wounded animal lies.

The moment he sees me, the chamois leaps away, passing beneath my very nose at a dizzy speed, only to fall again 300 metres farther off. Slowly, and without any noise this time, I get to within 100 metres of the animal. At this distance, I have to work, and quickly at that, for in spite of his loss of blood, the chamois has dragged himself to his feet, ready to dash off again. The click of my camera shutter makes him dash away once more toward a deep gorge, where he falls, lifeless, with a final bullet in the breast.

This is a sufficient example of the energy and the vitality of the chamois. There are old ones that have been struck several times. These animals do not forget. Their natural vigilance is redoubled. They never go anywhere except where they have plenty of space and where it will be easy for them to get away. One can imagine the difficulty of the hunt. To overcome their instincts, the hunter must bring into play all his faculties of prudence, agility, and endurance, for the risks are grave. More than one hunter has lost his life on these desert peaks. Such was the case of M. Troc, a skillful mountaineer of Arrens, who alone, and carrying the first chamois that he had killed, still continuing the hunt, fell into a crevasse with his burden.

In four days our hunting-party has killed fifteen chamois. On some of them we find the marks of old wounds, broken bones that have healed again, and horns with notches in them, shot incrusted in the skin or scattered here and there in their bodies. The range of our hunting extends over many kilometres, to the very limit of the low and high Pyrenees, in the region of Ossau, close to the Spanish frontier. The landscape? All that I could say about the landscape would only impair its beauty. Without color and without life, my poor photographs can give only a reduced and deceptive idea of this region, where everything is grand and gloriously colored and pulsing with life.

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AN INCOMPLETE PEACE

From *The Spectator, October* 1
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE comfortable belief that little nations are less bellicose than great nations has been sorely shaken since the armistice. Optimists thought that the recognition as separate States of the small peoples formerly ruled by the Hapsburgs, the Tsars, and the Sultans would make for peace, and that the admission of most of them into the League of Nations would ensure us a long period of calm. It is now obvious that such optimism was ill-founded. The first impulse of a liberated nationality is, it would seem, to insist upon the very last fraction of its territorial claims and to attack the neighbors who venture to question its pretensions. The idea that the peoples which have been freed owe any sort of gratitude or even respect to the great Powers which have liberated them is scouted as an absurd sentiment. Each new State considers its own selfish interests and is inclined to resent as an impertinence the advice or the warnings of more experienced governments. It is far too soon to despair of the little nations, but we are bound to say that their conduct inspires us with grave misgiving.

The most recent and most flagrant case of nationalism run mad is that of Serbia and Albania. Whether the Serbs attacked the Albanians or the Albanians attacked the Serbs is by no means clear. But it is, at any rate, certain that these two peoples, who are both members of the League of Nations, became involved in warlike operations last week along the frontier near Scutari and that the fighting continues. Serbia and Albania are both represented in the Assembly of the League, which is still sitting at Geneva. Their governments have solemnly agreed 'that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council,' and, further, that they 'will in no case resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.' This is the fundamental clause of the Covenant, but it has been violated by Serbia and Albania. Technically speaking, both countries are in fault. But we fear that the greater responsibility rests on Serbia. Albania is recognized as a State, but it is not a nation. The Roman Catholic Mirdites of the northern hills are actually fighting the Moslem Albanians who have set up a government in the centre, at Tirana, and the Orthodox Albanians of the south are absorbed in their own local troubles with the Greeks. It would be unfair to put the whole blame for the frontier fighting on this disorderly and disunited little country, which in all does not number a million and a half inhabitants. The Serbians, on the other hand, might have been expected to show patience and generosity in dealing with their troublesome neighbors. Their most ambitious dreams have been realized through the sacrifices of the Allies. The Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs have been reunited in one kingdom. Almost all their territorial claims have been admitted. Greater Serbia is more than twice as large and as populous as the Serbia of 1914. We might have thought that a nation which has gained so much by the war would scorn to covet any more territory, and that it would certainly not want to annex land

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belonging to another race. Yet we find Serbia coveting Scutari and the relatively fertile valleys in the neighborhood, although they are admittedly Albanian. It is a sad reminder that politicians are much the same at Belgrade as they used to be at Vienna.

The dispute over Vilna between Poland and Lithuania, which has occupied the attention of the League Assembly in the past week as well as of the Council, is another lamentable case of nationalism carried to excess. It would be impossible to draw a frontier line separating all Poles from all Lithuanians, as the two races have been intermixed for centuries. The Allies, after careful inquiry, laid down a frontier representing a fair compromise, and adjudged Vilna, a partly Polish town in a Lithuanian district, to Lithuania. The Poles thereupon caused a Polish general to occupy the town, where he still remains in defiance of the Allies and of the League. They have alternately admitted and denied that this General Zeligowski acts under orders from Warsaw, and they stubbornly refuse to accept the new compromise devised by M. Hymans for the League.

To the Western observer it seems obvious that Poland, placed between Red Russia and Germany, who both detest her, should seek by all means to acquire the good-will of Western Europe and should strive to set a good example of moderation to Eastern Europe. Yet the Poles, obsessed by the nationalist idea which in Ireland is expressed in the words 'Sinn Fein,' are prepared at once to flout their friends and defy their enemies rather than abate by a jot their historical and sentimental claims to Vilna. They would, it appears, risk the whole existence of Poland as a separate State rather than abate their territorial demands, although the Vilna district is very small in comparison with the whole area of the restored Poland. We are in no way surprised to find sober students of history wondering whether the Partition of Poland was not, after all, the inevitable outcome of Polish folly and incompetence, and whether Poland can be saved despite herself. Such doubts may not be justified, but the Poles are undoubtedly making heavy drafts on the good-will of the nations to whom they may at any moment have to appeal for help against a Bolshevist invasion.

The hostilities in Western Hungary are on a different footing. Here the Allies are in no small degree responsible, because they have not presented a united front to the restless Magyars. When Hungary, having signed and ratified the Peace Treaty, proceeded to violate it by refusing to evacuate the Burgenland, west of the Danube, in favor of Austria, and when Magyars attacked the Austrian police and invaded Austrian territory, the Allies should have acted instantly and decisively. When it was seen that France and Italy differed as to the means to be employed, the Magyars gained confidence and began to think that they could upset the Treaty. The Allies then presented an ultimatum requiring Hungary to evacuate the disputed district, but it remains to be seen whether this order will be obeyed. It may be said that Hungary has lost so much territory that she runs no risk of losing more and may conceivably gain something by her obduracy. Yet the Magyar politicians ought to see that their sole chance of recovering quickly from the war lies in gaining the sympathy of the West. In the past Hungary had many admirers in this country, especially among those who did not know how badly she treated her non-Magyar subjects, though these were actually in the majority. The conduct of the Magyar troops in Serbia and Rumania

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dispelled a good many illusions, but there was no desire on the part of the British public to be too hard on Hungary in the peace settlement. The deliberate attempt of the Magyars to evade their obligations under the Treaty must, however, influence the attitude of Great Britain toward their country. Hungary has shown that she cannot be trusted at the very time when she needs friends most of all.

The most serious of all these minor wars is the conflict between the Greeks and the Turkish Nationalists, which has just come to a deadlock. Here again the Allies are ultimately responsible, because they could not agree on a definite policy. They made the Treaty of Sèvres, settling the affairs of the Near East, and then they declined to enforce it because Mustapha Kemal, supported by the Bolsheviki, refused to take his orders from the Sultan at Constantinople. The Greeks were asked to occupy the portion of Western Asia Minor assigned to them because the Allies could not or would not spare troops enough, and, as matters developed, the Greek Army became the sole defence of the Christian population against general massacres such as have been and are being perpetrated farther east. King Constantine's return complicated the situation. France took personal offense and proceeded to negotiate with Mustapha Kemal in the hope of reducing her military commitments in Northern Syria. Italy, always unfriendly to Greece, gave almost open assistance to the Turks. Great Britain found no real support either in Paris or in Rome for the policy of enforcing the Sèvres Treaty. The Greeks were left in an almost untenable position, abandoned by the Allies because they had restored a pro-German king, but threatened with attack by the Turks who were bent on regaining Smyrna in defiance of the peace terms. It is easy to see that the Greeks should have remained on the defensive, trusting that the Allies would realize their difficulties. But their decision to attack Mustapha Kemal was not unnatural. The King wanted to gain military prestige; furthermore, the Greek troops fight better in attack and are easily disheartened by the dull work of holding trench-lines. There was, too, a chance of breaking up the Nationalist army by a resolute offensive and thus ending the war. The Greeks, however, now find that their resources were unequal to the task. They defeated the Turks, but they were unable to press them so hard as to complete the victory. The result is that they are no better off from a military standpoint than they were in the spring, and Mustapha Kemal is still able to send boastful messages from Angora. The Allies cannot afford any longer to ignore this war, which is destroying what little remained of civilization in Anatolia, and which is having no small effect for ill on other Moslem countries. But in order to intervene to good purpose they must first of all agree among themselves on a Near Eastern policy. It is useless to blame the Greeks or their Sovereign, whose ambitions should have been checked long since by the Allied Governments. What Anatolia and Armenia really need is a strong mandatory prepared to give those unhappy regions peace, order, and civilized institutions. But to ask for that is, we suppose, like crying for the moon.

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ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

BY G. D. H. COLE

[*This article, by a leading exponent of Guild Socialism, explains the Labor Party's attitude toward the problem of unemployment relief.*]

From *The Westminster Gazette, September* 20
(OLD LIBERAL WEEKLY)

THOUGH officials and statisticians may seek to comfort us with demonstrations that trade is actually on the mend, and the proportion of unemployed beginning to decrease, we can hardly be much comforted when we consider how slow the rate of recovery is, and how precarious the slight improvement that may have taken place. We are, it is true, getting over the direct effects of the coal dispute; and this produces, for the time being, an illusion of trade-revival. But to what proportion of our two millions or so of unemployed can even the most optimistic official offer the prospect of early reëmployment, and to how many of those who are now on short time, or casually employed, can a reasonable hope be given of a return to better conditions? It is, unfortunately, clear that, at least as long as we continue to rely on the unguided operation of economic forces, we must expect a continuance of widespread unemployment.

A fact which the public must not forget is that a given amount of unemployment represents more and more human suffering and deterioration the longer it lasts. A short spell out of work can be met by almost everybody, if not without some privation, at least without positive disaster or deterioration. But during the first weeks of unemployment, while the State, and perhaps also the trade-union, is paying benefits, the first signs of what is to come appear. A man with a family cannot live on the State benefit: he must either use up his savings, if he has any, or get what credit he can. Bye and bye the State benefit and the union benefit, if there is one, draw to an end. What savings remain are speedily exhausted; and tradesmen in depressed neighborhoods can afford to give little credit. The unemployed worker is driven, as many thousands have been driven already, to the Guardians for relief. And, all the time, the condition of being out of work, dependent on doles or credit, is slowly sapping the worker's vitality, and either undermining his self-respect or driving him into a state of mind in which restraints are on the point of being broken down.

Under these conditions, more and more men are driven to the Guardians. These, having no work to offer, have to follow the State's example, either paying a dole or giving relief in kind. But the situation which confronts them is far worse than that with which the State deals by means of unemployment insurance. The State pays a benefit on which a family clearly cannot support itself, practically on the assumption that other resources are available. But, by the time the unemployed reach the Guardians, most of them have no other resources at all, and the Guardians have therefore to pay a sum sufficient for the subsistence of the workers and their dependents.

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There is, however, no source except the rates from which the funds for this purpose can be drawn by the local authorities. It is notorious that in many areas, and these, as a rule, the worst hit by unemployment, the rates have already reached their utmost limit of expansion. In some localities, such as Poplar, the position has become such that the money simply cannot be found both for maintenance of the unemployed and for the upkeep of local services. In many other localities the same position will soon be created, unless national assistance is afforded. The local authorities are placed in a situation which will soon become impossible; and, in one form or another, the course of events which has placed a majority of the Poplar Councillors in Brixton and Holloway Prisons seems bound to repeat itself elsewhere.

That this situation would arise was clearly foreseen by the representatives of Labor long before the adjournment of Parliament. The Labor Party raised the question again and again, and did its best to get the Government to shoulder the national responsibility for the unemployed. Yet Parliament's sole contribution to the problem last session was the reduction of the already inadequate weekly benefit of 20 shillings to 15 shillings. Nothing at all was done to deal promptly with the urgent question of the steadily increasing number of workers who had been out of employment so long that their period of benefit was drawing to an end. The Government, in mortal terror of the Anti-Waste Leaguers, was intent only on avoiding any further direct expenditure of public funds. It therefore sought to shuffle off its responsibility upon the local authorities, although it was obvious that there were no local resources available for meeting the need.

Moreover, still pursuing 'economies' at home, in order to maintain extravagance abroad, the Government adopted measures, such as the restrictions on housing and education, which inevitably aggravated the problem. Even in the building industry, where the Government is vociferously demanding dilution on the ground of labor shortage, serious unemployment has already been caused by the closing down of housing schemes. All the plans for home development and reconstruction laid three years ago have been scrapped, with the result of accentuating the present depression, and causing additional unemployment and distress.

It has throughout been argued, as a reason for these 'economies,' that the country simply cannot afford the grandiose projects of reorganization which were mooted when Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues went electioneering in 1918. But it is rapidly becoming clear that there is something the country can afford even less — the wholly unproductive maintenance of a huge army of unemployed, who are afforded no opportunity of earning their own keep. Doubtless, over a very short period of depression, it is cheaper to pay doles than to find work, unless the organization for dealing with such periods is already in being; but, as soon as unemployment becomes widespread, and threatens to be of long duration, the policy of doles becomes the worst possible, and also the most expensive. Unless positive steps are taken to bring unemployment to an end, or to reduce it to normal dimensions by the provision of useful work, the whole fabric of Local Government finance will speedily crack under the strain imposed upon it, and State finance will be similarly affected when the State is compelled by the bankruptcy of the local authorities to assume the burden.

Presumably, it is some glimmering of an idea of the confusion that is coming

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upon us, and some fear of leaving the unemployed in their steadily worsening plight, that have induced the Cabinet to set up a special committee to deal with the situation. This committee has already got to work, and some of the scrapped reconstruction plans of three years ago are being taken out of their pigeon-holes in the Government offices, only to be speedily replaced on the ground that they involve too great an expenditure. The record of the ministry gave no particular hope that a real attempt would be made to deal with the situation, until mobs of unemployed were actually howling about the barricades at Downing Street, and Mr. Lloyd George in London instead of Inverness; and the reports already to hand make it clear that nothing effective is to be looked for from the Cabinet committee. The Ministers concerned are still following the hopeless policy of seeking to thrust upon the local authorities the major part of the burden of providing for the unemployed. But it is perfectly obvious that, as long as this policy is pursued, no effective steps can in fact be taken, however many grandiose plans may be drawn up and sanctioned.

If, then, the Government's present plans offer no sort of a hope that real remedies will be applied, what, in the circumstances, can and ought they to do?

Their duty abroad, of restoring the economic life of Europe, reopening markets closed through political causes, and retrenching on all forms of military expenditure, is clear enough, and has been urged again and again. But for dealing with the immediate problem of unemployment at home, now and hereafter, Labor demands the application of special remedies. A sane policy in Europe would do much to restore foreign trade; but there is also the need for the provision of work — useful work — for those who would still be unemployed until the measures taken to restore prosperity had taken full effect. In these cases, Labor demands that production shall be set going, if not by the private manufacturer, then by the State. There are countless productive jobs that want doing — housing, electrification, road-making and transport development, school-building, the provision of agricultural machinery, and many other forms of rural development. It is true that the present capital cost of these jobs is high; but it is cheaper to employ men on useful production, even at a substantial loss, measured in purely financial terms, than to go on paying them, for an indefinite period, large sums for doing nothing. Times of abnormal unemployment are precisely the times when big schemes of capital development ought to be put in hand: to adopt, as the Government has done, the opposite policy is to take the surest means of accentuating unemployment and of making recovery more difficult.

It is admitted that the unemployed cannot be left to starve. Leaving men to starve helps even less than paying doles toward the improvement of the situation. The Government will be compelled to act, because, if it does not, it must face either bankruptcy if it maintains the unemployed, or rioting, and perhaps even attempted revolution, if it does not. And clearly the way to act is to apply every available penny — including the sums now diverted to useless overseas expenditure — to the provision of work on jobs which will increase the capital wealth of the country, and its resources for future production. If we do that, the wages paid on these jobs will become an effective demand on the goods produced by other industries, and will thus help in their revival; and, instead of pouring badly needed money down the sink in unpro-

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ductive doles, we shall be, as by electrification, equipping the country with the means not only to increased, but to more economical, production. Labor's demand for work instead of doles is the cheapest as well as the best policy: it is the only proposal that offers hope for the future in place of a steadily increasing drain on steadily dwindling resources.

EARLY CHINESE COMMUNISM: A RUSSIAN NARRATIVE

BY P. SHKURKIN

From *Peking Russkoye Obozreniye*, Nos. 1–2 for 1921
(Russian Liberal Monthly)

It is said that the Chinese are incapable of assimilating European culture. If by this we mean European morality and ethics, the statement may possibly be correct. Yet what proof have we of that? What reason is there to believe that Chinese civilization is lower than that of Europe? The system of family, group, and community life is based upon the sum-total of moral and industrial conditions; the strength and wholesomeness of these conditions guarantees to the state-organism the durability of its existence. Is there any European state that has existed for over a thousand years? China has existed for no less than five thousand. Consequently, there must be some conditions that give to this state-organism its unusual vitality, conditions which, in any event, have proved to be more suitable for it than our conditions have proved to be for us. It must, therefore, be clear to every unprejudiced observer that there is no reason why we should look down on China, and that the Chinese have some grounds for their claim that their moral culture is higher than ours.

We shall not speak of the fact that the Chinese invented the compass and other astronomical instruments two thousand years before our era; nor of the invention of various kinds of automatic vehicles by great Chu-Go-Lan in the third century A.D.; nor of the early use made by the Chinese of gunpowder, printing, paper money, promissory notes, coal, gas, and so forth. All this was long ago, and it has been ages since Chinese genius has given us any new manifestations along the same lines. But is this lack of recent achievement sufficient for believing that the Chinese have already outlived their spiritual powers and are now in a stage of hopeless, marasmic old age?

An answer to this question can be found in China's old, as well as in her new, history. For it must be noted that in the realm of thought the great Chinese thinkers and moralists are quite on a par with our greatest philosophers.

In the domain of sociology, it is only during the past six or seven decades that the different schools of social science have announced as one of their most advanced theses the idea of an equitable distribution of wealth among

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the people, communal ownership of property, and the like. These are still far-distant ideals, barely visible even to advanced thinkers; for the communistic experiments now being made in Russia are obviously doomed to failure.

Very few people know that in China, long centuries ago, great thinkers not only came to these same conclusions, but actually attempted to put their ideals into operation. The first attempt was made nineteen hundred years ago; the second eight hundred and fifty years ago. These two events in the life of the Chinese people are so interesting that they deserve a word of description.

In the ninth year of our era, Prime Minister Wan-Man, nephew of the wife of Emperor Yuan-Di and father-in-law of the young Emperor Pin-Di, poisoned his son-in-law and seized the throne. In order to deprive his opponents of material resources and of their powers of resistance, and at the same time to gain the good will of the small-propertied and the landless groups of the population, Wan-Man decided on a sweeping agrarian reform. He issued a decree by virtue of which all land was declared the property of the state. No person, even the largest landowner, was allowed to retain more than twelve acres of land, together with eight slaves to work the land. The rest of the slaves were set free. All sales of land were forbidden. All land above the twelve-acre farms was confiscated by the government and distributed among rural communities in accordance with their actual needs. This decree was carried out in every detail and, naturally, turned all agrarian and social relations upside down. But Wan-Man was murdered in the year 23, and his reforms were rescinded.

The second attempt was even more interesting. In 1060, Prime Minister Wan-An-Shi succeeded in convincing the Emperor, Shan-Tsun, that the state could not prosper unless there were an equal division of wealth and an equal apportionment of taxation. So the following decrees were issued: (1) All grain was ordered sold to the government at a just price, fixed for each particular locality; (2) all farmers were to be allowed state credits each spring; (3) all taxes were to be paid in kind, rather than in money; (4) taxes were to be levied in proportion to income; (5) the regular army was abolished and a militia created in its stead.

Under the influence of these decrees, all private property disappeared. The state owned everything and took complete charge of the distribution of products. Wealth and poverty were decreed out of existence. This condition of affairs lasted, however, for only seventeen years, after which the reforms were abolished. A series of crop failures, coupled with the attacks of northern nomads, had undermined the people's faith in the practicability of the measures.

The famous French geographer, Reclus, describes this experiment in the following terms: —

> Decrees were issued abolishing all private property. The state became the owner of everything and attended to all distribution of products. Work and food were guaranteed to all, and no one could acquire title to any land. All enterprises were placed under government control and their owners were compelled to turn over to the state all their property every five years. In spite of opposition on the part of the mandarins and the former landowners, Wan-An-Shi succeeded in maintaining this state-communism for fifteen years. But the next change of rulers overturned the whole new order, which was entirely out of harmony with the wishes of the people and the demands of the aristocracy, and which, moreover, brought into existence a large number of state inquisitors who became the real owners of the land.

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Although the local traditions relating to the experiment ascribe its failure, not to a change of rulers, as does Reclus, but to a complete disorganization of all phases of life under the new order, the fact remains that many centuries ago the Chinese undertook vast schemes of social reconstruction.

The question of the exact determination of China's population, which is of such tremendous importance to us, has never been of much consequence to China herself. It is safe to assert that all of the so-called 'censuses' made in China are incorrect. If we examine these various counts of population, we shall find that for nearly seventeen centuries, the population of the Empire was stated as remaining constantly at seventy-five millions. The census for 1711 gives the population as only twenty-four and a half millions; but that of 1771 makes the population 215 millions. The census of 1842 gives the population as 415 millions, while that of 1911 as only 325 millions. If we consider that the Tai-Pin and the Mohammedan uprisings, which occurred during this last interval, caused great losses among the population, still these losses could scarcely have exceeded forty millions. What happened to the other fifty millions, not to speak of the natural increase of population, which is very large in China? The textbook of geography, written by Richard, used in the Chinese schools, sets the population of China, officially as of 1905, at 430 millions. But Richard takes the population of Manchuria as eight millions, instead of its known twenty millions; and the population of Si-Chuan as 68 millions, instead of 89 millions.

It is easy enough to explain these discrepancies when we take into account the fact that the 'censuses' were always made for purely fiscal purposes. When the census of 1711 was taken, it was solemnly promised that the figures of population shown by that census would remain fixed eternally as the basis for taxation. While this last promise was not actually carried out, it certainly affected the accuracy of all subsequent counts of the population. It was directly in the interests of the official tax-collectors to make the estimate of the population as small as possible. It is known, moreover, that in some cases only men between the ages of sixteen and sixty were covered by the census; in other cases, no old men or children under six were counted; in still other cases, only settled local population was included. Workmen, as well as persons not possessed of their own homes, land, or family vaults, were excluded.

Under these conditions, it is clear that the actual population of China must be truly colossal. If we take into account the early age at which marriages are contracted in China, the traditional obligation of each Chinaman to marry and to have male progeny, as well as the estimates made by statisticians, that the population of China actually doubles in less than twenty-five years, we shall scarcely go astray if we estimate the present population of China as *800 millions*. One of our greatest experts on questions of population has confidently asserted that the territory of China contains at least one third of the total population of the earth.

The World War has shown that a country can mobilize into actual army service one person out of every six units of the population. If that were to apply to China, can we even conceive of the actual man-power that she may, in case of need, put into the field for herself and for her allies? As far as we are concerned, the question of what we can expect from such a people as the Chinese is a question affecting our most vital interests.

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THE TAILOR OF ILLMITZ: A STORY

BY MATHES NITCH

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 28
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

It was the year when men wrote 1524 A.D. Francis I, King of France, was besieging the Italian city of Pavia with a powerful army. From the vintage season until New Year's Eve he had bombarded the imperial citadel with small arms and cannon royal, with howitzers and with longbores. Thirteen times he had hurled his foot soldiers and cavalry against its walls and bastions. Within its walls twelve battalions of foot soldiers, under three noble commanders, defended the cause of the Emperor Charles V. They had to fight, not only the enemy without, but more insidious enemies within — famine and pestilence. Still they breasted the storm and held the fortress with a sure hand.

It was a valiant feat.

When the Imperial generals, who were advancing to attack the besiegers from the rear, discovered that the fortress must surrender unless it was speedily relieved, they sent a French deserter, an enemy of King Francis, to Germany for reinforcements.

Thereupon drums began to beat throughout the German countryside, and printed proclamations flitted into every nook and corner of the realm, summoning its men of arms to the banner of the Emperor.

At this time there lived at Illmitz, near Neusiedler Lake, a tailor, Hans Siebenstich by name; *Sieben Stich* — seven stitches. No name could have been more appropriate. Hans was no longer young, neither was he old. He was a withered little man. His fellow villagers said that he crept into his ingle-nook at the first sign of winter and never came out until spring; and that when March winds were high he put iron weights in his pockets to keep from being blown into the lake. Yes, there was even a story to the effect that a man once broke him in two, like a cat-tail, in a scuffle, but sewed him together again with seven stitches, and had some thread left over at that.

The tailor's diminutive size was some advantage; for in the year of our salvation, 1524, the tiny hamlet of Illmitz could hardly have supported a more generously proportioned tailor.

Both the observant village children and a certain valiant man-at-arms saw, however, with their own eyes, that this year, at least, the village gossips were wrong in averring that the tailor spent the winter in his ingle-nook.

It was toward Christmas.

The chimes of Saint Michael's, across the lake, were ringing for vespers. The tailor sat at his table with folded arms. His needle and his goose were idle. At the open fireplace a porridge kettle was bubbling, its fragrant steam already bidding him to his evening meal.

Suddenly a pair of heavy boots kicked noisily at the door; it was thrown open. A burly voice outside shouted: 'Here, open up!' and began singing: —

'Ist keiner hier, der spricht zu mir:
Guter Gesell, den bring' ich dir,
Ein Gläsel Wein, drei oder vier?'

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Trembling with fright, the tailor seized his pincushion and ironing-board and held them in front of him as a protection.

A stranger stepped into the room.

'The black devil take me! If every shelter I find is n't padded with you tailor fellows. Fine comrades they for Valtein Kopp! Shift over, you skinny skeleton, or I 'll give you a clip that will knock you into yonder lake.'

As he said this, the rough and ready guardsman, who had thus introduced himself as Valtein Kopp, sat down at the tailor's table and, without losing time, drew a field-flask and bread and bacon from his haversack, and began to eat. Now and then he would thrust a dry crumb of bread into the porridge saucer of the tailor. But he did not share his wine with him. As he ate, he told the tailor that he had set forth with some bold companions to help the King of Hungary against the Turks; but that a peddler from Innsbruck had brought news that the Emperor was seeking men to fight the French in Lombardy. His eagerness to hew down the heathen Turks cooled before the enticement of another rollicking campaign in fair Italy. So he had parted from his comrades, and was now journeying to Tyrol, whence he would march against King Francis. And as wine and food loosened still further his ever-ready tongue, he paved the whole road from Illmitz to Innsbruck, and from there to Pavia, with gold dollars and silver wine-cups, until the tailor became emulous, and early the next morning saddled his mule and set forth merrily through the winter snow with good comrade Kopp.

Ich bind mein Schwert und Seiten
Und mach mich hald davon;
Hab ich denn nit zu reiten,
Zu Füszen musz ich gehn.

About New Year, 1525, the two comrades, with some twelve thousand of their fellows, set forth from Innsbruck for the land of the Guelphs. They had reached the former city at just the right moment, when the Imperial commander was breaking camp to march against the French.

The tailor of Illmitz did not prove stout-hearted enough upon the march and in the first skirmishes to gird on a sword and swing a battle-axe. He was not the man to rush in where the fight was thickest and the blows were heaviest. No, he was content with less glorious services, and kept well employed repairing rents and rips in the garments of his more warlike comrades.

On the evening before the great battle, Valtein Kopp sent him his small clothes — that is, his riding-breeches — to be patched.

Hans Siebenstich had promised himself an evening's holiday, but for old friendship's sake he crossed his legs and began to ply his needle. Though his little head was so small and withered, it began to nod perilously by the time his candle had burned down four fifths its length, and at last fell heavily forward on his breast. So good Hans slept soundly, overtaken by slumber in the midst of his work, until the drums began to beat at dawn and the camp guards marched down the tent lines shouting: 'Non-combatants and women to the breastworks.'

These guards were rough, heavy-handed men, so Hans Siebenstich rushed out and hastened, spade in hand, in the direction ordered.

He had scarce set to work when a half-clothed guardsman sprang aside from a detachment of storm-troops, which Captain Guasta was leading against Mirabel Castle, roaring at the top of his voice: 'Siebenstich, you rascal, where are my breeches?'

Suddenly the tailor's head was in a whirl. He had forgotten all about Valtein Kopp's breeches, which were

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still lying half-mended in his shop. Naturally, their owner was furious with wrath. What should he do? Run down and bring them just as they were, half-mended, half-torn? That would n't answer.

Already cannon were roaring and musketry was rattling. Bullets were clipping the palisades and thudding into the sand-bags on the ramparts. A hail of stones hurled by sturdy footmen was rattling against the shafts of the forest of lances in the enemy's ranks. Hans Siebenstich stared for a single instant at these preludes of the coming battle. Then he hastily filled his pocket with stones, with which he bombarded to the best of his ability the enemy troops, from the shelter where he stood. Luck favored him. An enemy fell stunned. The little tailor finished the unhappy man with his own lance, jerked the breeches from the still bleeding corpse, and darted off with them to Kopp.

'They 'll hold,' he shouted, 'for the tailor sewed them with a spear.'

The rugged old guardsman roared with laughter as he drew them on. 'Well, thou tailor-clown, chance has taught thee a lesson. Take it to heart.

> 'Boldly begun is half won;
> Boldly held is victory gained.'

Hans Siebenstich then and there decided to found his fortune on that proverb.

Unhappily, words are often naught but soap-bubbles, which break at the touch of Fate.

Valtein Kopp did, indeed, win fame by his daring and valor, and his name has come down to posterity through a fair poem, which a certain Hans Würzburg wrote on the battle of Pavia.

But the courage of the Illmitz tailor did not bear such happy fruit. He did not distinguish himself again during the battle. As soon as his over-mastering fear of Kopp was gone, his fear of the enemy returned. No smell of powder and reek of blood for him! Nevertheless, he was struck by a bullet, and after the victory and the capture of the French king, he returned, lamed, and — since the Imperial purse was empty — poorer than he set forth, from the land of figs and pomegranates to the reedy shores of Neusiedler Lake.

There he quietly resumed his trade, more retired and hermit-like than ever. It is not surprising, consequently, that this solitude, after the excitement and change of army life, became oppressive. So he began to dream of family life and weddings. 'Boldly begun is half won!' Valtein Kopp's remark still rang in his ears, the more persuasively, perhaps, because he knew a young lady across the lake who, he thought, would have him. But though the tailor of Illmitz had ventured the long journey across the Alps in the depths of winter, he shrank from this bridegroom pilgrimage. He was afraid to take a boat, lest some sudden squall might overturn it. The long journey by land around the end of the lake would be difficult because of his crippled leg. But just then, if as Providence had sent a miracle in answer to his prayer, a great drought came, and the water of the lake fell so low that he could make the short trip across its bed on foot. So Hans Siebenstich set forth at once. He reached his destination without incident. And he returned with a Frau Schneiderin at his side.

Where a single man had lived alone in poverty before, two now lived on the verge of destitution. The Turks were ravaging Hungary, stripping the land of whatever took their fancy. And what they overlooked the Imperial troops seized. So hunger and want reigned throughout the land. Money was scarce, and cloth hardly to be had. The peasants could not pay for new

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clothing, and wore their old garments until they fell to pieces. When these were gone, they made themselves rude cloaks and breeches of deer-hide or calf-skin. Tailors became superfluous members of society, and this was particularly true of the tailor in the little peasant hamlet of Illmitz. And God, as if he had utterly forgotten to take this fact into consideration, turned deaf ears to the pleas which rose from the little cabin on Neusiedler Lake. The tailor would pray: 'Enough, enough, O Father in Heaven.' But either the Deity was sleeping at that moment, or at least he failed to hear the prayer.

Finally, in the extremity of his distress, the tailor sold the tiny cabin which his father had built, with the neighboring lord's consent. Apologizing to his wife he said: 'You see, mother, we will buy a milk cow with the money, and beg his lordship for a piece of wild land to clear. There is nothing to be made at tailoring. We must take to farming now; for when the peasant women do their own mending and leave nothing for the tailors, we tailors must take to their trade.'

No sooner said than done. The hut was sold, the most pressing creditors were satisfied, a cow was bought, and a couple of yokes of land were begged from the neighboring lord for clearing and pasturing.

The ground would not bear crops at once, and the good cow was no enchantress, to feed so many hungry mouths with her milk. So the change proved a bad one. But the Angel of Ruin, having chosen the tailor Hans Siebenstich for his victim, did not even now leave his doorway. Why? Possibly because he had once sewed with a spear? Who knows?

Not long afterward an epidemic crept like a poisonous serpent through the herds of the neighborhood. Naturally, it did not pass the tailor's home. Its visit cost the good man his only support, his cow.

His hungry children kept crying, 'Bread, bread, bread!' and the old man was in despair. What could he do? There was but one way to stave off starvation, and only one; to sell his last possession, his growing crop. In a neighboring village there was an old usurer who lived on the interest of his money. Berele Bai was a good man as long as it was profitable to be so. He readily helped the tailor out of his temporary embarrassment, but subject to the condition that half the coming crop should be his own.

Hans Siebenstich bound himself to this bargain with a happy feeling that he could now feed his family at least a few days longer. He could not think beyond that time.

His wife at once busied herself at the stove, preparing their Sunday meal.

Before they could sit down at the table, however, a peasant woman of the neighborhood, a jealous old hag, came in to threaten him. She blamed the tailor for ruining the market. He was lining Berele's treasure-box with cheap ducats. She herself had borrowed money from him, but at better rates. She heaped abuse upon his tailor-like incompetency, and wound up by cursing his farm, his person, and his family to the hundredth generation.

The old hag had the dubious reputation of a witch. In this case it was not belied. Hail destroyed half of his crop; the lord's bailiffs and the usurer took what was left. So the old tailor was in despair. He brooded day and night. A thousand wild schemes floated before his martyred imagination. He turned hither and thither for relief. Finally he ceased to think. His head was as empty as his own stomach and those of his wife and children. Since he could think of nothing else, he finally said to his patient life's com-

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panion: 'Mother, I wish you'd make our beds to-night on the heath near Taaden. See, I fought with a spear in the battle of Pavia; I labored with my needle at my tailor's bench at Illmitz; but Death, whom I conquered then, is stronger than I am, and I must surrender. He has beaten us, you and me, with the weapons of hunger and distress. To-morrow he will drive us from beneath this miserable roof and leave us shelterless. I can hear his message. Therefore, mother, let us spread our beds where no one will dispute our right, near Taaden on the moor, in Dadumach Pool.'

His wife listened, silent, and made no answer. He stroked her hand, but it was stiff and cold. The poor woman did not need to go to Dadumach Pool.

But the poor man's troubles were not over now. His crying children clustered around him. Their pitiful eyes, wide with grief and hunger, seemed to encircle him with staring reproaches. Then suddenly a strange peace fell upon his soul. Seizing a needle and thread, he began to sew and sew. But he did not sew their miserable tatters, the only excuse for garments that remained in his hut. No — I tell the tale as it comes down to us — he sewed together the eyelids of his famished, fainting children!

And the story goes on to say that the tailor, Hans Siebenstich, lived many years thereafter. He had lost his mind, and hobbled about all day with halting steps, a needle in one hand and a staff in the other. The little boys used to sing after him:—

Unter der Brucken,
Ober der Brucken.
Siszt ein kleiner Schneider.
Wenn man ihm ein' Nadel schenkt,
Hupft er alleweil weiter.

An echo of this tale is still current among the country people of the neighborhood, surviving all the storm and stress of four centuries. Even to-day, mothers quiet their children, when the latter will not go to sleep at night, by telling them the tailor of Illmitz will come to sew their eyelids up.

PRICES AND WAGES IN FRANCE

BY L. POMÈ

From *Il Giornale d'Italia, September* 4
(Rome Neutral Conservative Daily)

Mr. H. C. L. is still a subject of deep solicitude. The bulletins regarding his condition were quite alarming some months ago — for speculators and profiteers. The rest of us watched with a sentiment of personal relief the aggravation of his malady; but —

A French proverb says that the dead are dangerous, and Mr. H. C. L. has recently proved a lively corpse. The decline of prices, which followed a brief pause in their ascent last spring, has done little more than establish an unstable equilibrium a trifle below the highest level. The public benefited but little. However, for the moment we interpreted the situation as a promise of better things to come — of a gradual though slow return to normal.

But now the common people are

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again protesting, and the government is bestirring itself anew to prosecute speculators, while the newspapers draw melancholy horoscopes of prospects for the coming winter. There is a general fear that the thermometer of prices will move in the opposite direction of the mercury during the colder months.

We must admit that the situation is still somewhat better than a year ago. The price of bread has fallen slightly. It costs from 1.20 to 1.30 francs a kilo in Paris, and is even cheaper in a few outside places. However, this is due to the fact that the prices of bread are fixed by the local authorities. But while the cost of flour has fallen, and with it the official price of bread, macaroni and similar flour products have risen 20 centimes a kilo. Rice has recently risen half a franc a kilo; beans and other dry legumes, 60 centimes, and milk between 20 and 30 centimes a litre. I do not mention fresh vegetables because I am not authoritatively informed; but my housekeeping friends fairly shudder when they mention the miserable little portions of inferior lettuce and green stuff for which they have to pay a franc and a half, and the shriveled, scrawny little heads of cabbage they get for two francs or two francs and a half. At the same time, the Community Market stalls, which we have inherited from the war, are being torn down, one after another, by municipal orders. Abuses — doubtless exaggerated from interested motives — have occurred in connection with them; none the less, people with light purses were able to save money there and they unquestionably stimulated competition among small salespeople.

The public is protesting, and it is a sign of the times — of not altogether happy times — that a big poster was affixed to the Community Market in the Boulevard Malesherbes protesting against its discontinuance, and demanding that the order for its demolition be revoked. The wording of the manifesto was decidedly strong and to the point.

Another significant incident of the past few days was a big demonstration which occurred in the quarter of the Madeleine, one of the wealthier sections of the city. It threw a sudden ray of light into the dangerous humor of the people on this price question; for when it expressed itself so violently in a place like that, what must it be in the real workingmen's quarters?

The new advance in charges has hit even the famous Le Roy restaurants, semi-charitable institutions where a course meal formerly could be purchased for two francs. It consists of soup, meat, vegetables, and cheese. The portions are small and not altogether appetizing, but sufficient to keep a man alive. However, the price has recently risen from two francs to 2.85 francs plus, at latest reports, still an additional 25 per cent. Naturally the patrons, who are mostly employees of the humblest class, are making a wry mouth.

And what is the Government doing? It is struggling heroically but futilely with the problem. It is multiplying its inquiries and investigations, receiving petitions and recommendations, distributing exhortations, promises, and threats. It is doing all it can to check extortion, but it is dealing with shrewd and powerful adversaries.

Its latest contest is with the butchers. Several of the latter have been arrested and fined. But what do a few hundred francs in penalties amount to compared with thousands of francs in profits? Others have been sentenced to a few days or weeks in jail, and the newspapers have published the names of the offenders. But such a pillorying has little effect. A list of legal prices which the butchers are obliged to keep posted in their shops, welcomed with such en-

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thusiasm when it was first introduced, is now consistently evaded. Its only effect has been to increase the violations of the law. Now the butchers have revolted outright against all such regulations, and insisted that 'free-trading' shall be restored. The president of their organization, attacked on one side by his riotous colleagues and on the other by the authorities, resigned. His successor is heart and soul with his fellow tradesmen, and is attacking the whole system of fixed prices. He is a man of resource, and a shrewd and eloquent attorney for his clients. He assures the public that the members of the Butcher's Guild will not take unfair advantage of their customers; that the corporation will perform its own police duties and punish any extortionists found in its ranks. However, the general public is skeptical and rebellious.

But, take courage! There has been one fall in prices. The laundrymen charge only 30 centimes for washing and ironing a pair of cuffs instead of 35 centimes, as formerly. But no change has occurred in the rates for other garments.

While all this is occurring, the General Confederation of Labor is protesting vigorously against any cut in wages such as is proposed by the Government and by private employers. The Confederation wants the cost of living decreased, but wages kept up, and denies that there is a logical relation between the two. So we witness simultaneously a great growth of unemployment and the multiplication of strikes. For ten days 60,000 textile workers have been idle on account of a great labor dispute in North France.

In its address to the country, the General Confederation of Labor says:—

'To lower wages is to commit a crime against the working classes. Labor is entitled to live; wages are therefore sacred. They cannot be measured by product because they constitute the indispensable condition of existence for the working man.'

And the Communists chime in, telling the laborers: 'Base your demands upon your actual needs.'

Simple, is n't it?

The calmer defenders of the high-wage theory argue thus: 'The present crisis is due mainly to abnormal consumption. In particular, those industries which serve the luxury trade still prosper, while industries, which provide the essentials of life, and which, therefore, serve primarily the working people, are languishing. If you cut down wages, you are reducing the consuming power of the working man and therefore hitting the very industries which need most aid.'

Even the most radical of the Socialist organs, *L'Humanité*, admits, however, that, in spite of the high cost of living, the condition of the working people has improved, and that their needs are now larger than they were in 1914. That is all right, of course; but the other side argues that the working people will eventually be better off if they submit to necessary reductions in their wages, because they will be compensated therefor by a parallel decline in the cost of living. Since wages are the largest element in the cost of production, these reasoners insist that the first step must be to lower them, and that to insist upon lowering prices first, is to put the cart before the horse.

However, the question has another serious aspect. Manufacturers cannot sell their goods, so they are forced to lower prices and to cut wages to correspond. In some instances they are also compelled to sacrifice their profits and interest on their capital. Caught between the crisis at home and the competition of foreigners, they see nothing ahead of them but bankruptcy.

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STEPHEN LEACOCK, HUMORIST

From *The Morning Post, September 29*
(Tory Daily)

Every country has the humor it deserves; and the people of one nation can only apprehend, never comprehend, that of another nation. You become acutely conscious of this sad truth when you watch an Englishman trying to get a laugh out of an American friend by repeating a joke from *Punch*, or the latter's attempt to avenge himself by relating an American anecdote — he being blissfully ignorant that we loathe the anecdote-monger as much as the punster is loathed on the more opulent side of the Atlantic. For all that, now we have given up the pun (except in its subtler forms — *e. g.*, the saying of the Frenchman that he had had a long *tête-à-bête* with a stupid beast of a fellow), the Americans seem to be cultivating it in a surreptitious way. Especially in the writing of the single-sentence leaders which are so refreshing a feature of American journalism; as when it is suggested that 'John Bull wishes to be monarch of oil he surveys,' and that 'The world has ceased to quarrel over what is right and gone to scrapping over what is left.' On the other hand, American humor of the more obvious type is becoming mildly popular over here. Even the member of a highly respectable club, such as the Athenæum or Reform, will smile at Horatio Winslow's brief history of the decline and fall of a rich American family: 'Gold mine, gold spoon, gold cure.' So with the story of the deaf man who gave up whiskey, when his doctor said his deafness was the result of alcoholism, but afterward relapsed, explaining his reversion as follows: 'Nothing I heard when I could hear was as good as whiskey.' Prohibition has given such jests the beauty of memorial; it is easier for a free and independent American to cry over them than to laugh at them. But the subtler triumphs of American humor are still above and beyond the ordinary Englishman, who cannot see anything funny in George Ade's fable in slang of breezy old Gus and the two mandolin-players (only their legs are shown in the illustration), and many another joyous masterpiece. The other day the writer of this dissertation quoted in conversation a certain lament on the death of the Arcoon of Swat, which is one of the most exhilarating things in the American language. 'What 's got Swat?' began the poem, and, after a number of lines like that, struck into a tone of martial music:

> Swats wha hae with Arcoon bled,
> Swats wham Arcoon aften led
> To death or victory.

Nobody laughed, but somebody did ask who and what the Arcoon of Swat was.

However, the two styles of humor are actually reconciled, so to speak, in the works of Stephen Leacock. Canada is a sort of half-way house in letters between U.K. and U.S.A., and it was to be expected that a Canadian humorist would arise who should discover the hilarious mean between American and English humor and so contrive to be all things to all festive folk (all save highbrows) on both sides of the Atlantic. Canada, though its literature has been impaired by literary criticism and rye whiskey, has raised a sound good-humorist from time to time. Indeed, Judge Haliburton, who invented

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Sam Slick, the purveyor of wooden nutmegs and other 'notions,' might almost be hailed as the pioneer of all American humor of the Yankee type. In later decades the occasional humorist has appeared and become widely known — such were the late W. H. Drummond, whose 'Wreck of the Julie Plante,' is as well known in America as Hans Breitmann's famous 'Barty,' and Robert Service, whose first pieces, conscious parodies of Kipling, traveled on their own initiative from ocean to ocean long before they had been printed.

But Stephen Leacock is the first Canadian humorist to attain a fame comparable with Mark Twain's among the English-speaking peoples. It would be absurd, of course, to suggest a direct comparison with the author of *Huckleberry Finn* and the other great stories of Mississippi life which are part of the vast romance of transatlantic history. Moreover, Mark Twain is, *qua* humorist, in the category of Cervantes and Rabelais, for a *sæva indignatio* at all that is sham and inhuman, and an indefinable sense of world-sorrow forms the atmosphere of his slightest jest. Still, it was astonishing how soon Leacock's first experiments became known everywhere, in England as well as in America. His 'Boarding House Geometry' was quoted, within a year of its publication, in every journal that gives a column or two periodically of humorous excerpts. So with some of the tales in his *Literary Lapses* — *e.g.*, that of the clerk with sixty dollars saved out of his salary who decides to start a banking account, insists on interviewing the President of the Bank, walks into the safe on his way out from the august presence, and draws it all out with his first check, leaving the building amid a chorus of inextinguishable laughter. His fantastical ideas are often in the nature of American hyperbole — but they are developed in English fashion as a rule, in a quiet and close-knit narrative which has none of the exuberance of the typical American humorist. In subsequent books he has made a delightful use of this unique gift, which even the superior person, disposed to prefer the Voltairean *gauloiserie* to all other brands, finds irresistible in unguarded moments. Thus, the writer has seen the most solemn of diplomatists, a born plenipotentiary in fact, suddenly overcome by uncontrolable laughter at his skit on the old-fashioned, well-informed article on foreign politics, in which the writer keeps the place-names Ballplatz, Wilhelm-strasse, Quai d'Orsay, and so forth, moving briskly through the air like a Cinquevalli's billiard balls. Memorable also was his satire on civilian war experts in a club — when one of them overwhelmed Germany with millions of Cossacks who needed no supplies whatsoever, the other at once countered the attack by producing a German organizer of victory so marvelously gifted that he could repel this attack without men or guns, for he just filled up the gaps in his line with pure organization. And his *Behind the Beyond* is the best parody of the problem play which ever has, or ever could be, written. And it is impossible to avoid laughing at his Kailyard novel, for example, which begins:

> Sair maun ye greet, but hoot awa!
> There's muckle yet, love is na' a'—
> Nae more ye'll see, howe'er ye whine
> The bonnie breekers of Auld Lang Syne!

The simple words rang out fresh and sweet upon the morning air.

It was Hannah of the Highlands. She was gathering lobsters in the burn that ran through the glen.

The scene about her was typically Highland. Wild hills rose on both sides of the burn to a height of seventy-five feet, covered with a dense Highland forest that stretched a hundred yards in either direc-

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tion. At the foot of the burn a beautiful Scotch loch lay in the hollow of the hills.

If this fails to win a chuckle from a Scottish reader, he is yet bound to fall to some stray sentence later on, such as that which informs us that the Glen of Aucherlocherty has its sides covered with a dense growth of gorse, elderberry, egg-plants, and gilly-flower.

No doubt, Mr. Leacock owes something to the fact that he himself is an incarnation of the incongruous, being a Professor of Economics at McGill University, whose humor is taken more seriously than his political economy — more seriously, we repeat! He is about to embark on a lecturing tour in this country, and he is sure to make good, for he has the breezy eupeptic look and unfailing vitality of Mark Twain before he took to wearing an all-white suit. Many thousands will attend his lectures, and it should be possible, by attending a few of them, to have a fairly accurate idea as to whether his subject is humorous or economical, or both.

THE NEW WOMAN

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AND G. K. CHESTERTON

[*These two articles are selected from a series contributed to* The Daily Telegraph, *by a number of English writers. Miss Kaye-Smith, the author of the first article, is a novelist among whose books* Green-Apple Harvest *and* Joanna Godden *are most generally known.*]

From *The Daily Telegraph, September* 13 *and* 21

(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

I. AN OLD CLICHÉ

THAT phrase, 'The New Woman,' is the very oldest cliché — the original epigram. I cannot conceive it as of any later date than Adam's surprised exclamation at the sight of Eve, when all things were new, including himself. Now Adam is never anything but the Old Adam, where Eve is still New. As a matter of fact, I sometimes think that she is just as old as Adam, but, woman-like, she has mastered the problem of old age, and contrives to keep young as a subject of controversy. She was a topic in ancient Babylon, in ancient Rome, in the times of the Renaissance, in the times of Decadence and Oscar Wilde (when people first discovered that the term 'new woman' was old), and now, in 1921, she is still the centre of discussion, and still apparently as new as ever.

No doubt, a terrible lot of nonsense is being talked about her, now as always. One particularly popular form of nonsense is to look upon her as a revolution. People talk as if the modern woman belonged to an entirely new order of things; they point back to the Victorian woman, with her crinoline and her Tennyson, and offer her as the type, *par excellence*, of womankind — her admirers even go so far as to call

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her a womanly woman. The fact is that it was the Victorian woman who was the revolutionary and the break-away. She was a phase attending the combined phenomena of the rise of Teutonism in high places and the rise of the middle-classes out of industrial exploitation. Because she blocks our immediate past, we have come to think she fills the whole of it. We neglect to look behind her. If we did, we should find the hearty eighteenth-century girl, who ate her breakfast of beef and beer, rode long miles and days a-horseback, and read *Tom Jones* with an enjoyment uncondemned either by herself or her critics — behind her again we should find the witty Carolean dame, with her knowledge of life and politics — then comes the Elizabethan boy-girl (I can't believe that Shakespeare's heroines are quite imaginary), grandchild of those towering women of the Renaissance, mistresses of learning and love, the women who could read Latin and Greek and Hebrew, who ruled countries and empires and pulled the strings of puppet armies of men, who did their rough and dirty work. I can't conceive the most extreme advocate of women's rights demanding more.

Women are now in a transition state of recovery from the setback of Victorianism, and on their way back to that freedom which was theirs before the Tennysonian age. That is what is making their position in these days at once so conspicuous and so insecure. They are fighting — often with much clamor and often not quite fairly — to win level with the men who got ahead of them during those years when they were stationary under the Good Queen. Women's standard of freedom and education may have been lower under Queen Anne than under Queen Victoria, but it was not so noticeably behind that of the men. If women were illiterate and unfranchised in the eighteenth century, so were the men, except the conspicuous few; but in the nineteenth century the Reform Acts immensely enlarged the male scope in politics without doing anything for women, and though the Education Acts were more impartial, the rise of masculine tyranny and vanity under a woman's reign made it comparatively difficult for women to avail themselves of their privileges. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries men at least tolerated intellect in their wives.

Woman now has very nearly the same political and educational advantages as man, but you cannot be much impressed by the use she has made of them. Politics have surely never been more treacherous or commercial than they are in these Utopian days, when woman has the vote, and education seems to have persuaded some women to think that their highest aim in life is to produce a feeble imitation of their brothers. Marriage is going out of fashion as a vocation, and a great deal of nonsense is talked about men and women working together side by side and being independent of each other. I have even heard it said in praise of the modern woman that she does not look upon marriage as her aim in life, but looks forward to entering a profession and earning her living independently of male support.

To me this schoolgirlish contempt of natural emotions is just as bad as early Victorian prudery. If a woman does not look forward to marriage as the central hope of her life it means either that she intends to pursue her love affairs anti-socially, or, worse still, that she does not mean to have any at all. Of course, there is that most recent product of the age, that standby of modern journalism, the superfluous woman. But people forget that she is merely a passing phenomenon, and not a fact of Nature, and that there is no

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reason why ideals, morals, and economics should be altered to meet her case. It would be better if we set ourselves to get rid of her problem by improving the conditions of child-life, so that we do not every year preventably lose so many boy babies, and also by doing our best to make this country fit for other men besides heroes to live in. Nature intended the sexes to be equally balanced, so that neither man nor woman should have to live alone; but a selfish and muddled civilization has spoiled Nature's work, and every year thousands of the best of our men are driven overseas to create a superfluous man problem in Canada or Australia.

The result is that economic reasons urge women into professions for which they are physically and temperamentally unfitted, and conditions for the male worker are made still worse by the consequent lowering of standards both in work and wages. Surely the war ought to have taught us that most professions are unsuited to women, both for physical and for temperamental reasons. They stepped into the men's places and did their best, but they were not, generally speaking, successful. Those who worked under or with women in the war can testify to the nervous instability — showing itself in ill-temper, injustice, and petty tyranny — to which even the most charming and capable women succumbed after long hours of taxing and responsible work. A woman's nervous energy was meant to be consumed by other things. Of course, I am not saying that all professions are unsuited to women, but in these days of her recovered freedom she has shown a strange lack of discrimination. Woman is at her best in the more decorative ways of life — in the production and distribution of beautiful necessities, or in those professions most akin to motherhood, the care and education of children, or medical attendance of her own sex. Her brain power and nervous energy are essentially different from a man's, and she makes a mistake when she tries to use them in the same way. It is partly due to her confusion of equality with identity. To prove herself man's equal, as she always has been, she has paid him an unnecessary compliment of imitation, and she will never establish herself fully in popular opinion as his equal until she realizes that her equality lies in her difference. She is man's mate and completion, not his competitor, and her development lies along parallel, not similar, lines. If she merely tries to follow in his footsteps it will lead to much stumbling and weariness, and perhaps at last to the terrible tragedy of Eve's growing old.

II. WHAT IS FREEDOM?

THE case of the New Woman, at least as conceived by its worthy and responsible exponents, is concerned with two ideals; the idea that woman should have a larger degree of liberty than has been permitted in the past, and the idea that women should have a larger share in the labors and professions which are specially the occupation of men in a modern society. After reading with great interest and sympathy the present discussion, and many similar discussions, it has begun to dawn on me that there is supposed to be some sort of connection between these two ideas.

In attempting to conjecture what this connection can be, I will begin by allowing for a certain romantic association which is real in the sense that romance is always real. Everything has its ideal aspect; and there may be people who will idealize anything. Let us

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take, for the sake of argument, the concrete case of a girl who became an omnibus-conductor. It is possible in the abstract that she thought there would be a sort of artistic freedom of gesture about conducting an omnibus, as about conducting an orchestra. It is even conceivable that she may have been under the generous illusion that the omnibus-conductor conducts the omnibus. She may conceivably have thought that she could lead it into fresh woods and pastures new; that when she dreamed of the dark elfland of Burnham Beeches, it would go to Burnham Beeches; that when she was in the mood for the river, it would stray amid the green and silver of the low meadows of the Thames. But whether or no she herself had this illusion of liberty, we can be under no illusion, I fear, about the feelings of the company of clerks and stock-brokers who had got into a Bayswater omnibus, and found themselves tipped out of it into a field in Hertfordshire or a village in South Bucks. And even this fancy will be of service to us if it induces us to face a fact. And the fact is that freedom is not one of the many virtues of an omnibus; and freedom is not by any means one of the virtues of that modern industrial society, which very much resembles an omnibus. There is even something verbally symbolic in conceiving it as an omnibus, for we are all traveling in it, whether we like it or no. But we obviously need some consideration of the definition of freedom, before we agree that a woman standing still all day, in a house that is moving, is necessarily any more free than a woman moving about all day in a house that is standing still.

I will continue this concrete illustration before passing on to general principles, because it does happen to dispose of a great many of the first and most obvious fallacies. First of all, all normal men know quite well why they did respect a girl who was an omnibus-conductor. It was certainly not because she was seeking liberty, and it was quite self-evident that she was not finding it. It would be truer to say it was because she was enduring slavery, but in the same honorable sense in which all soldiers have to endure slavery. In other words, she was doing her duty at a dreadful crisis in her country's history; she was releasing a man to do his duty in a still more dreadful fashion. And so far from our respect proving that the work suited her, the truth is that the less it suited her the more we should respect her. Just as in such a crisis we should admire a cripple more for fighting when he was not fit to fight, so we should admire a woman more for her industry because she is not fitted for industrialism.

Now, this astonishingly simple truth makes nonsense of nine tenths of the argument about woman and the war. It is not an argument, in any case, very agreeable to those who happen to have a tradition of respect for the woman. When a lady remarks, in this column, that the war proved that women were capable of service, I have some difficulty in replying, as I cannot imagine among what barbarians she can have lived that it should ever have needed to be proved. In my own circle of female acquaintances there are few who would be gratified at my conversion, if I expressed it in the form of saying, 'I thought you were a fool and a coward until the autumn of 1914.' But the point, for the moment, is that it is the very nature of war to be unnatural. Of its nature it demands desperate remedies, a patchwork of heroic opportunism. As it was the boast of men that thousands were soldiers who were not soldiers by nature, so it was the boast of women that thousands were nurses who were not nurses by nature. It seems to me very strange

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that the Feminists do not see that the argument from female work in war-time proves the very opposite of what they are bent on proving. When we say that a woman displayed heroism or underwent martyrdom in the war, we mean that she did things that ought not to be part of the daily life of a woman, any more than being killed ought to be part of the daily life of a man.

After eliminating the exception of war, which avowedly sacrifices the liberty of the citizen to the ultimate liberty of the city, we come back to the question of the normal need for liberty. And we are here first confronted with the case of a kind of work more curious and exacting than conducting omnibuses or cutting down trees, or all the various forms of masculine toil that have been offered as examples of feminine emancipation. There is an occupation which is open to women as well as men, but which is often harder for both of them than driving, or digging, or minding machines; it is the occupation of thinking; and it is not tested by the enthusiasm with which people tumble over each other into some intellectual fashion, but by the detachment and enlargement of mind with which they take in fundamental and permanent truths. We shall not discover what is best for our society in any of its parts unless we see it as a whole, against a background of history and in contrast to alternative societies. Now anyone who thinks will agree that the industrial system of great cities already endangers liberty far too much, and leaves far too little play for personality in production. Compared with the old craftsman in his own shop, or the old peasant in his own field, the artisan is less of an artist, in the sense of a master and maker of his environment. People may think it impossible to restore these conditions, but I cannot see how they can deny that there are more personally creative conditions. Is there any place in which we can say that such conditions in some sense still exist? Yes, there is at least one place; and it is what we commonly call the home.

A housewife may work harder than any workman, as the peasant generally works harder than any workman. But it is simply the fact that her work resembles that of the small farmer or the master-craftsman, in this particular respect; that its proportions, its pauses, its extensions, its way of making up the balance, are generally chosen by the worker to some extent at her own discretion, and are not imposed on her by the rotation of a machine outside herself. A woman in the family has some control over when the domestic tasks and times of waiting shall come round; a woman in the factory has no control over when the wheels shall come round. Now, as I entirely sympathize with the first of the two feminist ideals, the increase of feminine freedom, I naturally look at it in the light of this fact, and not as most of the feminists appear to look at it. I wish to develop the germ of freedom where it does exist, in the family, instead of merely talking about it where it does not exist, in the factory. It may be that freedom can never be developed anywhere into such fullness as in the fancy of the wandering omnibus. But the mother of a family has certainly more influence on whether her children shall picnic in Burnham Beeches or in Hertfordshire than the female omnibus-conductor has in deciding whether her passengers are going to Bayswater or the Bank. Now, it is perfectly true that there is a great deal of decayed domesticity, against which the young naturally rebel; for things are often decayed when they are neglected. But my remedy is not to neglect it; to exalt and expand the domestic office with all possible tributes of

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courtesy and culture and religion, and not merely to congratulate those who free themselves from it by becoming the servants of a capitalist.

Having indicated what, I think, is the normal, I may add that I do not admit the need of surrendering the normal to the numerical. If there are women who cannot contribute to this, let them have all reasonable respect when they do something else; but not something else conceived in contempt or oblivion of this, or of the facts upon which this is founded. A social reform really founded on these realities would certainly inspire women to enter some new professions and not others, according to these vital aptitudes. It would create new and good social institutions, but it would create the institutions to suit the women, and not, as at present, attempt to create new women to suit new institutions. At present there is nothing but a sort of plunging plagiarism; a blind resolve that women shall imitate every one of the mistakes of men. Its propaganda is possible only because many of the facts that are forgotten are too fundamental to be discussed. I will say here only that control over the distribution of the day's work is physically far more needed for women than for men. While it is certainly not wicked for a woman to cut down a tree, it would, in some cases, be very wicked to tell her to; and to talk about women continuously competing with men in cutting down trees is raving insanity. If some fanatics like to take advantage of the silence of all civilized custom to talk what all grown-up people know to be nonsense, they are welcome to do so.

THE NEW GENERATION

From *The New Witness, September* 30
(NATIONALIST AND CHESTERTONIAN WEEKLY)

SOMEBODY said that an open mind often meant an empty mind; and there is undoubtedly a sense in which there is about as much intellectual superiority in an open mind as in an open mouth. Nevertheless, there is a sort of open-mindedness which is something much better than such gaping indifference. And it is as well for us that there is; for this quality is perhaps the one really good quality of our present social phase. Much is said about the rising generation, and its alleged flippancy and irresponsibility. But in so far as it really differs from any other generation, it is perhaps truest to say that it has the virtues and the vices of this condition. At the best it is open-minded and at the worst empty-headed. But at least its head has been emptied of many evils; and there is in it a potential hospitality for better things. If it is in a very natural nervous reaction against the memories of the European War, at least it is not likely to revive in a hurry the malignant optimism and unmilitary militarism which polluted the popularity of the South African War. If its sexual morals are marked by a sort of paganism, at least they are not specially marked by any sort of perversion; and there has been no revival of the revolting æstheticism that bore monstrous fruit at the end

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of the nineteenth century. If the honor of aristocracy has been shaken to its foundations, a great deal of snobbery has fallen with it. And though there is nonsense enough talked to fill a hundred mad-houses, it is no longer merely the nonsense of self-satisfaction, but partly, also, the nonsense of bewilderment.

In a word, there might be a worse world in which to attempt to tell the truth. This state of mind, somewhat reckless and yet in some ways receptive, may be not unlike that condition of the completed Roman Empire in which the Christian faith began to spread. But however this may be in relation to higher things, there is no doubt that it has its conveniences in connection with practical things. And if we take the practical political questions of our time in turn, we shall feel that there is a certain change in the air, even if it be sometimes no better than a chill in the air. Nothing is more remarkable, to anyone who has known the England of twenty years ago, than the absence of any stupid and violent reaction against proposals, good as well as bad, which would then have called up, as with a trumpet, all the cohorts of interest and prejudice. If it be only because people are tired, at least many of them are tired of talking nonsense; and there is some appreciable opportunity for talking sense.

Thus, when the Government offered to Ireland what is at least a far wider concession than was ever suggested before, any middle-aged man must wonder what on earth has become of the great mass of anti-Irish bigotry which was once so clamorous and is now so silent. If the ordinary English Unionist ever believed a hundredth part of what he said, what in the world does he believe now? What does he make of a situation in which Lord Curzon and Mr. Balfour offer to Ireland twice as much independence as Gladstone and Parnell were hooted and hounded down for offering? The offer may be less than the Irish can be expected to accept, but it must surely be more than most of the English ever expected to give. The truth is that in this sense there really is a better atmosphere in the new generation. We should be the last to preach a vulgar optimism about progress; the improvement is relative and peculiar, and coexistent with great perils. It is partly because there is something *distrait*, something almost deaf, about the younger generation. But here the deafness is an advantage, for they are deaf to the braying of brute snobbery and self-praise. The same comparative temperance of tone that affects the topic of Ireland affects also the topic of Labor. Disastrous as was the failure of the last two strikes, they were marked by a vast improvement in the tone of the newspapers and the middle classes toward the strikers. Here, again, there is something rather negative about the improvement; and it is not enough of itself to reverse the now automatic drift toward the Servile State. But though it is negative it is not unimportant. It means that we have come to an end of the cant of capitalism, of the conventions and illusions on which the last century lived. It means that we have come to the end of an epoch. The heresies have burned themselves out. There is nothing but negations and the truth.

When we suggested this comparison before, a correspondent asked us a curious and interesting question. If, he said, our period resembles the passage into the Dark Ages, and if we may be consoled even in a barbarism like that of the Dark Ages by the hope of a civilization like that of the Middle Ages, what is to prevent that civilization also failing as ours has failed, and

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ending in capitalism and the Servile State? Now, if this means that a Christian reconstruction *may* fail, and be followed by a disease of property, we cheerfully concede it at once; we have never believed in Utopia, or a fixed perfection on this planet. But if it means that it *must* produce the same evils all over again, because it has begun the story all over again, then our correspondent utterly misconceives the whole of our own moral philosophy, and describes something which we wholly and flatly deny. He proves only that he himself is bound by a necessity from which we have always held ourselves free; the necessity of the materialist who regards man as a machine. We never dreamed of saying, in that sense, that the past was being reproduced in the present, or would be reproduced in the future. We never laid down the clockwork creed that history repeats itself. We should say no more than that history often resembles itself.

But if our correspondent means that because our ancestors, coming to the cross-roads, took a wrong turning, therefore our descendants, coming to the same cross-roads, will be bound to take the same wrong turning, then he means something which we flatly deny, abominate, and abjure. What we said was that one very possible sequel of the modern story is a simplification of society like that of the Dark Ages. That men have chosen to do certain things in the past shows that men may choose to do similar things in the future; but they will do them because they choose, and need not do them unless they choose. As we pointed out, even social decay might afterward offer opportunities for social reconstruction on simpler and saner lines, as in the Middle Ages which followed on the Dark Ages. But we should be the last to deny that men can resist decay if they like, or rot beyond all recovery if they like that better. As the safest way of rotting beyond all recovery, we can sincerely recommend that philosophy of the mechanical and the inevitable on which our critic bases his criticism.

Now in this connection the interesting thing about the new generation is that in one respect it is entirely new. To a great extent it is really agnostic. The scientific creed of the nineteenth century was not agnosticism. It was generally a moderate and often a muddled materialism. The young are not materialists; they are anything and everything, even spiritualists. They are ready for any form of free thought, even a belief in free will. They are, on the whole, curiously lacking in the natural bigotry of youth, so much more stubborn than the bigotry of age. There seems to be little that corresponds with the confident dogmatism with which, in our Fabian youth, we proved that everything would be exactly right 'when Socialism comes.' There seems to be little of the fanatical power of faith which, in a yet older generation, made it possible to believe in Herbert Spencer. There is little of the hard and heroic simplicity that established the great Republics, but also little of the hard and sordid science that excused sweating and usury as iron economic laws. In a word, there seems to be a lull or a pause in the swift succession of the infallibilities of science.

That pause is an opportunity. It is an opportunity for doing the one thing that it is most necessary to do; and that, oddly enough, is the very thing that our critic seemed to resent any talk of doing. It is an opportunity for beginning all over again, in thought if not in action. We do not flatter the rising generation, and we are not in the least afraid of it; it is just as likely to be proved wrong as any generation of the past. But we do believe that it is, with all its faults, a little more ready to

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listen to reason than it would be if it were still entangled in the fashionable fallacies of the evolutionary epoch. And reason always means beginning all over again, because the only reasonable place at which to begin is the beginning. The most practical thing in the world is to begin by asking what we want. A practical man must always ask it before he asks how much he is likely to get, and a long time before he asks which professional politician is likely to give it to him, or rather to promise it to him. And State Socialism was like the commercial anarchy, against which it was a reaction, in this respect: that nobody ever wanted it at all. Even for its sincere supporters it was a necessary evil rather than a natural good. Men accepted the new socialism as the only method for the distribution of wealth, as they had accepted the old anarchism as the only method for the production of wealth. But the young man of to-day cut off from the past by a red chasm, war-weary, and not without his weakness, has yet about him something of the child; and some day it may suddenly occur to him to ask for what he wants.

'THE FALL OF THE CENTRAL POWERS'

BY DR. GOTHEIN

[*The following leader upon Karl Fr. Nowak's last book,* Der Sturz der Mittelmächte, *is by a prominent Liberal member of the Reichstag and former Cabinet Minister.*]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, September* 4
(LIBERAL DAILY)

A BOOK written in breathless telegram style. Wherever an 'and' occurs, it introduces a sentence. But let us not cavil at the style. Better a vigorous individual form of expression than tedious correctness. The book reads well in spite of numerous literary faults.

The greater part of the volume consists of interviews with military commanders and leading statesmen of the Central Powers, who were active participants in the events which they relate. All their important statements, which were not in writing, were submitted to them before publication and approved over their own signatures before the book went to press.

We may ask, of course, what were rated important statements and what was left out because it did not agree with the version of some other person interviewed. History often lays great weight upon conflicting testimony. . . .

We may feel fairly certain that the important chapter entitled 'Brest-Litovsk' was submitted to Secretary von Kühlmann, Count Czernin, and General Hoffmann, and approved by all of them. Much has already been published upon these important and unfortunate negotiations, particularly by Count Czernin; but we have here, for the first time, an authentic and

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comprehensive account of the whole proceedings. Czernin lamented the unhappy pressure which Ludendorff brought to bear upon the delegates. But his account represented General Hoffmann as a convinced and willing agent of the General Staff. Now we learn that Hoffmann likewise was decidedly opposed to Ludendorff's extravagant visions of conquest, to the great territories which were to be ceded to Germany, to the proposed Polish frontiers, and to the annexation of the Baltic provinces. We learn that he would have nothing to do with the so-called German-Polish settlement, and that the Kaiser likewise did not favor it; but that, nevertheless, Ludendorff finally had his way.

Czernin has previously already told us that the separate peace with Ukraine was due primarily to the fearful shortage of provisions in Austria, which had already caused hunger riots in Vienna. Nowak, however, discloses the fact that Czernin's important book must be used with caution as a source of history, by publishing as an appendix an astounding secret memorandum written by Czernin himself. The very Czernin who, in his pessimistic and famous memorial, which reached Erzberger's hand, harped upon the necessity of immediate peace even at the cost of heavy territorial sacrifices, who represented himself as a determined opponent of all annexations, appears in this memorandum, now published for the first time, in quite a different light. It is true that he argued in this case also that peace was possible only if Germany ceded Alsace-Lorraine — or most of the two provinces — to France, and Austria sacrificed its Italian provinces. But he insisted on compensations for Austria at the cost of Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro. Germany was to be compensated by the Polish settlement and by receiving Lithuania and Kurland. Galicia was to continue part of Austria. The memorandum will not increase Count Czernin's reputation as a far-sighted and consistent statesman. A certain grim humor lies in the fact that only a few weeks after it was written, Emperor Charles offered Germany not only the German-Polish solution, but volunteered to give up Galicia as well, if we would cede Alsace-Lorraine to France.

Emperor Charles foresaw an unhappy ending to the war at a very early date. This explains the peace feelers he put out through his brother-in-law Prince Sixtus of Parma, though it does not excuse the very promising letters which he wrote without the knowledge of his allies or even of his own foreign minister. Nowak's book does not inform us how far Czernin was conversant with the steps taken by his monarch. We get the impression that the Emperor was forced eventually by pressure from the indignant Czernin to make a definite declaration which did not agree with the facts. It seems, further, that only complications due to the political connection with Hungary, prevented Czernin's compelling the Kaiser to abdicate at that time. Unable to accomplish this, he himself resigned.

Men were not showing much veneration for their monarchs at this period. The way Czernin dealt with Charles, and Ludendorff dealt with the Kaiser and Crown Prince, suggest anything but courtly subservience. Both of them used their monarchs merely as agents to carry out their own designs. Wilhelm II never ventured to oppose Ludendorff. We have an instance of this when Kühlmann thought he had received *carte blanche* from the Kaiser to negotiate for the return of Belgium, while Ludendorff was insisting that such a measure could not be contemplated for a moment, except under conditions which he personally would pre-

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scribe. A very similar situation arose in connection with the unlimited submarine campaign. Bethmann believed from the Kaiser's statements that the latter would back him up; but Wilhelm II bent to the will of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. The same thing happened when Kühlmann came in conflict with the latter general. The Kaiser saw clearly the necessity of negotiating for peace on a definite basis, whenever his political advisers led the case convincingly before him; but he did not have the backbone to stick to his opinions in face of Ludendorff's masterful and vehement opposition.

One of the most interesting and important episodes which Nowak relates concerns Kühlmann's famous speech in the Reichstag on June 24, 1918, when he declared that the war could not be ended by military means and public orations between Parliament and Parliament; but that there must be confidential negotiations between the hostile powers, in which each party manifested a certain measure of trust in the other. Nowak informs us that this speech was an arranged reply to the speech which General Smuts delivered in Glasgow on June 17. Here was an opportunity to start promising confidential peace negotiations. The preliminaries had already been arranged. But just then the whole project was wrecked by Count Westarp, the Junker Reichstag leader, who attacked the project vehemently, and, in doing so, falsely inserted an 'only' in Kühlmann's speech, which was not there, and which completely changed its meaning.

At this time, Ludendorff was perfectly confident that the great offensive, then under way, would succeed; and he refused to tolerate the idea of allowing Kühlmann to rob him of the glory of his victory by such preliminary negotiations. He staked everything on a military triumph. So Count Westarp, acting as his bravo, thrust a poisoned stiletto into the hated secretary.

The only source from which Nowak could have drawn his information here was Kühlmann himself. Its accuracy is vouched for by the fact that General Smuts has never denied these facts. Our last chance of peace by negotiation was thus ruined. Only a few weeks later, Ludendorff was compelled to admit to Kühlmann's successor, Hintze that he could no longer hope to win the war by military means.

Ludendorff's attitude toward Kühlmann's overtures is the more incomprehensible, because the Austrian offensive against Italy already had proved an utter failure, and the Danube Monarchy was visibly on its last legs. Germany had received even more emphatic warning of Bulgaria's speedy collapse. That country had been fighting almost without interruption for six years. Its fields were lying untilled because every person capable of bearing arms was at the front. Famine was threatened. The people were depressed and desperate. Desertions *en masse* were an everyday occurrence.

One of Ludendorff's most serious mistakes was his failure to utilize our early victories in the Balkans to besiege Saloniki. He now had to pay bitterly for his oversight. Another blunder was our neglect to supply Bulgaria in time with the food and arms and munitions that she absolutely needed. When the collapse came and the Bulgarians surrendered, then we sent reinforcements, but to no avail. Their transfer merely weakened our Western front.

The situation was hopeless. As soon as the truth became known, secession movements sprang up among the Czechs, the South Slavs, the Poles, and the Rumanians. It was in vain that these recalcitrant nationalities were promised the widest autonomy in a new

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federal system. The proposal came too late, the catastrophe impended; Hungary tore up the Pragmatic Sanction and terminated its political union with Austria. Everywhere people demanded an end to the alliance with Germany. Even the German Austrians were in despair, and sought union with the German empire. With every new success of General Foch, the situation on the Danube grew worse. The independence movement among the Czechs and South Slavs was skillfully promoted by the Entente, which used refugees from those nations as its agents. Germany and Austria were blamed for granting independence to the Russian border states and the Ukraine, when they would not grant it to the peoples who had fought loyally under their own banners.

The chapters upon the collapse of Bulgaria and the dissolution of Austria-Hungary are among the best in the book. They sufficiently dispose of the claim that the German army was stabbed in the back by revolutionists at home. It is true that after more than four years of war and unexampled sacrifices and privations, the morale of our exhausted people was undermined. Bolshevist agitation may have played a part in what followed. But it could do so only because the soil was already fertile for its propaganda. The war was really decided by the surrender of Bulgaria and the dissolution of Austria-Hungary.

'DEAR LAND OF LIBERTY'

[American adherents of prohibition will find in this article many statements which the Anti-Saloon League can hardly be expected to endorse. It is, none the less, well to realize how the latest constitutional experiment in the United States is impressing some observers overseas.]

From *The Saturday Review, October* 1
(English Tory Weekly)

The present week, like most weeks for a very long time past, has brought out new evidence to show that the social consequences of Prohibition in the United States are worse by far than anything anticipated by its fair-minded critics. In some respects they go beyond what was foretold by its interested opponents. If the liquor trade could have known that its profits under Prohibition would be greater than anything dreamed of in a legally 'wet' America, its campaign of resistance to the proposal might have been less furious; on the other hand, he would have been a soulless profiteer, indeed, who could have foreseen unmoved the growth of his fortune at such a cost in corruption, degradation, and defiance of law. The Federal authorities are now investigating the statement of Mr. Fitzmorris, the Chief of Police in Chicago, that fifty per cent of the men under his command are engaged in the illegal sale and transport of liquor; and it has already been brought home, by sworn evidence, to a hundred of them. At the same time one reads of the nightly procession, along the roads leading to New York, of furniture vans loaded with

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liquor, which the police are well paid to leave alone. During dinner at a famous roof-restaurant in that city, as Lord Northcliffe testifies, 'the customary cocktails were served, and, for the rest, champagne flowed as it has never done in London since the war began.'

But it is not only in the great cities that the law is defied and its officers corrupted. It is broken everywhere, and not only by means of bribing the police. There is, in fact, a rich variety about the scandal that appeals to the imagination, by so many channels is the land flooded with illicit drink. For example, the Department of Commerce announces that the amount of whiskey imported through the customs in the first seven months of this year was three times the amount imported in the corresponding period of 1920; and of champagne, five times. The liquor can legally be used as medicine only; and the class of doctors who deal in the necessary prescriptions are making very easy money. The revenue officials offer the guess that for every gallon that passes the customs, 100 gallons are smuggled; but smuggling is increasing so rapidly in extent that the estimate is of little value. Nor is this all; for the illegal manufacture of fermented liquor in private houses for home-consumption is widespread, and the Senate has lately thrown out a bill empowering the police to take strong measures against it.

What sort of stuff is so produced, with what sort of effect on the vitals of the merry-makers, one shudders to think; yet it is certainly nectar by comparison with a great deal of what passes down the throats of American citizens to-day. New whiskey is a poison; but there are others. The superintendent of the gaol in Washington states that the number of those imprisoned there for drunkenness in the year ending June 30 was greater by 34 per cent than in the year preceding; and he attributes this to the increasing consumption of 'hair-tonics,' flavoring extracts, wood-alcohol, perfumes, sal volatile, furniture-polish, and other delights. He adds that a large business is done locally in 'salable imitations of the old beverages, which have often an alcoholic content nearly twice that of the originals.'

The central fact in all this variegated riot of profiteering, corruption, law-breaking, and self-poisoning is that things are not better, but infinitely worse, than they have ever been, since Prohibition became the law of the United States; and that, after twenty months of it, the thing is revealed in that worse of legislative disasters, a law of universal application which the Government, in spite of the most vigorous efforts, is unable to enforce. Those who are responsible for it, of course, refuse to face this truth. An American bishop at the Methodist Conference lately held in London stated that, 'if the country was taken as a whole, the law was wonderfully well enforced.' Yet one hesitates to believe that the 'dry' party are really quite satisfied with the state of affairs. Some of them publicly take comfort from the fact that Prohibition has 'come to stay,' whatever happens, since it is enacted by an amendment to the Constitution — a thing as nearly irreversible as any law can be.

That reflection is found less consoling by such public-spirited officials as Mr. Fitzmorris, already mentioned, who declares that 'in Chicago there is more drunkenness than there ever was, more deaths from liquor, more of every evil attributable to the use of liquor than in the days before Prohibition.' These last words are sweeping; but it does appear, from this distance, that they might be justified. What seems to be happening is that all those who have a taste for alcoholic liquor are getting it

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still, at enormous cost, and often of poisonous quality; with the very odious and shocking exception of those who cannot afford to pay the equivalent of four or five shillings for a drink. Whether this flagrant inequality will be found permanently endurable by the poor seems to us very doubtful. But, in addition to those who used to drink, there is a new class of drinkers actually created by Prohibition — by the incessant talk about drink, by the desire to feel 'in the movement,' and by the very impulse to defy what is felt to be an intolerable infringement of personal liberty.

The question of principle in regard to personal liberty has been thrashed out a thousand times in the discussion of Prohibition; but nothing could ever persuade some people that a minority had any right to oppose a measure favored by the majority on philanthropic grounds, and nothing could ever persuade other people that the majority had a right to forbid a man to drink what is harmful only when abused. To us, Prohibition is the most monstrous outrage upon individual freedom now being anywhere attempted in a civilized country; and we should far rather see a nation without sobriety than without liberty. The interesting thing, at bottom, about the American situation is that this view of the matter clearly prevails there, in spite of there being, in all likelihood, a real and not a fictitious majority which disapproves of the custom of drinking and of the liquor traffic. It is one thing to do that; it is quite another to compel vast numbers of people to be teetotalers against their will; and it is clear that, if there were a genuine and strong majority opinion in favor of that compulsion, what is going on now could not happen.

'It is not pleasing to see American friends with long and distinguished public records locking their door in club or hotel and producing a flask.' Lord Northcliffe, who makes this observation, is fallible in many respects; but on a question of this sort his judgment is better, perhaps, than most men's, and his verdict is that 'Prohibition, as I saw it at work, is not the right solution of the drink problem.' He condemns it as a failure. We should only add that it fails because it runs counter, not to a policy determined by the counting of noses, but to the instinct of freedom in a true democracy.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

QU' IMPORTE!

BY HÉLÈNE PICARD

[*Le Figaro*]

Lorsque, le soir, le vent m'emporte
A travers le chemin caché,
Si je ne te vois pas, qu'importe!
Je t'ai cherché.

Après les attentes avides,
Après le desir superflu,
Qu'importe si mes bras sont vides!
Je t'ai voulu.

Qu'importe si, dans le mystère,
Ton rêve est encore scellé,
Puisqu'avec l'heure solitaire,
Je t'ai parlé.

Et si, toujours, ton âme altière
Veut ignorer mon cœur meurtri,
Que m'importe! Il a sa lumière:
Je t'ai souri.

Et si ta sceptique jeunesse
Se moque d'un bonheur manqué,
Ah! qu'importe! De ma tendresse
Je t'ai marqué.

Qu'importe, s'il est vrai qu'au monde,
Tu n'aimes que ta vanité.
Mon ivresse est bien plus profonde:
Je t'ai chanté.

OF THE SHINING HOST

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

[*Japan Advertiser*]

RICHARD LOVELACE

Too soon, O poet, the golden beam did fade
That was thy soul; too soon ran out that power,
Perfect and magical, that trance-like made
Thy every word a strange and new-born flower.

S. T. COLERIDGE

From out the storm of words that ravaged thee
The child thyself chose out a little store,
And set them quaintly, that the mystery
Of life should lie about them evermore.

WHITMAN

The sun, the sea, the laughing winds, the surge
Of all that liveth, in thy great heart merge,
A mighty host of lovers round thee dance,
Passing into their vast inheritance.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Tired of the travail of the iron years,
The world will surely turn its heart to thee;
For thou hast rescued from the golden past
Seeds of great joyousness that yet shall be.

FIONA MACLEOD

From thy sick soul was born a spirit wild
That in the forest depth, by firth and mere,
With the keen senses of a fairy child,
Knew hidden joy and suffered ancient fear.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Some men have walked the margin of this world,
Seeking their souls in outer mystery;
But thou, abiding at the heart of things,
Drawest the nations by thy song to thee.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE BRITISH OBSERVER

IT takes new eyes to see the undetected objects in any landscape, but it is an old pleasure to learn just what they discover. This is perpetually furnished by English visitors to America. One of them, contributing what he modestly calls 'Disconnected Thoughts,' under the heading 'Americana,' to the October issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*, makes the announcement that 'what the people smoke' made twice as strong impression upon him as any other phenomenon. 'Cigars, cigars everywhere!' he exclaims; 'your taxi men, the clerk in the hotel, the man about town, the farmer, the street-corner loafer, the senator, the bookseller, the business man, almost all the men, in fact, are smoking cigars in the States. . . . In my six weeks' trip I doubt if I saw six pipes being smoked, and cigarettes were almost exclusively 'used' by Englishmen and by a very few women — highbrows and chorus girls for the most part, since smoking is taboo to nearly all American women.'

Alas! for the pipe — much more alas! for the cigarette — it was certainly our impression that whatever the smoking habits of Americans had been in previous generations, the liberating influences, first of our universities, and then our participation in the World War, had established the devotees of the less concentrated and less extravagant forms of tobacco, if not in a majority, at least in so substantial a minority that it could hardly be overlooked.

The same observer inevitably comments upon the 'sky signs which make night wonderful in the cities' as one of the distinctive differences between England and the United States. Here he might be thought to be standing upon firm ground were it not that the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* for September 30 brings us the paragraph reproduced herewith.

SIGNS THAT FLASH IN THE NIGHT

In pre-war years the night life of London was embittered by several flashing electric signs, of which the Highlander perched against a chimney on the Waterloo side of the river was the most notorious. In spite of themselves people watched him as his beard and kilt flicked into life and faded and the lettering of the advertisement madly changed color. They grumbled at him and looked again.

It is evident that London is now to endure a multiplication of these irritating signs. The old-time changing advertisements at Charing Cross and Tottenham Court Road which wrote in different colors the names of several cures and tonics have come back, and every week new ingenuities come to dazzling light, congregating chiefly about the theatre area. The newest device at Piccadilly Circus is a baby-food advertisement, which writes itself in flashing lamps, purple, green, and blue. Next to it is an advertisement of some wine. A yellow wineglass comes into view, and from the bottle filled with red liquor held above it a stream of red wine runs into the glass. It does not stop when the glass is filled, but the magic crystal never overflows. Then the light fades and the whole performance begins again. The motor-car advertisement beside it has two cardboard figures in a motor-car. When the light flashes on, the red ribbons in the lady's hat flutter; the road runs past, and the wheels whirl madly round for a minute; then blackness and the thing begins again.

Shaftesbury Avenue has less unusual designs of lettering coming and going and changing color, but the most maddening device of all is at the New Oxford Street corner, where, underneath a lettered advertisement, two zigzag flashes of lightning flick backwards and forwards. It is difficult to believe that people could watch these long and retain their hold on civilization.

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If Piccadilly Circus and Columbus Circle are to be taken as symbols of a growing likeness between London and New York, what will be the inducement in future years to cross the Atlantic in either direction?

*

'SOME THIRTY HOUSEMAIDS'

THE average householder has so many troubles of his own in dealing with what is known as 'the servant problem' that his sympathies may not respond as they should when he is called upon to pity the sorrows of the rich. Mr. Maurice Hewlett contributes to *The Nation and the Athenæum*, for October 1, a 'Short Study' which he calls 'The Plight of Their Graces.' The unhappy dukes, with whose difficulties he deals, do not elicit any large measure of Mr. Hewlett's sympathy, nor can it be expected that many American readers will be moved to tears by their plight. Nevertheless, this plight is so acute a reality that its very existence is worth considering. This is what Mr. Hewlett has to say about it:—

The mills of God grind as the poet has declared, and they grind to the same measure both the illustrious and the obscure. Naturally one hears more of the sorrows of the great. The wailing of a duke will carry the length of the realm, and since America is now interested domestically in that estate, it will reverberate in the Western continent also. The Duke of Bedford has lately exhibited a part of his case to readers of the *Times*, the Duke of Portland more explicitly his to his friends and neighbors. Both their Graces say, in effect, that the thing can't be done. They do not tell us why not; but we can infer it. To do things properly Welbeck and Woburn require some thirty housemaids; and how are they to find thirty housemaids, or, having found them, as things now are, pay for them? They do not ask, but the question follows for the plainer sort, Why should a man stand in the ridiculous position of requiring thirty housemaids?

It so happens that I have just been to Woburn for the first time in my life; have made the circuit of the great wall, some ten feet high and, I daresay, ten miles round; have entered at one fine gate and issued at another after a traverse of the noble spaces of the park, in which herds of deer, occasional ostriches, llamas, bisons, remote and solitary buffaloes, and Heaven knows what, were to be seen peacefully feeding, as if no kind of anxiety was fretting the peace and amplitude of it all. The trees, the boscages, the lake, the great piled gray house, unapproachable by the vulgar, the model villages with their cottage-fronts all stamped with a crowned B — all these splendid, established things passed by me like an opium-eater's dream; all so seeming secure, inevitable, and right; all actually so shaky, doomed, and infernally wrong. And with the Lord of Welbeck's wail in my ears, I also saw that, truly, it could not be done.

It is not a matter of housemaids alone. It is a matter of gardeners, of woodmen, of a permanent staff of masons and bricklayers — for with a wall of ten feet by ten miles there will always be repairs; other services in proportion. Where are we then? I avoid arithmetic for excellent reasons; but I do see that thirty housemaids at £50 a year apiece *plus* board come to £3000 a year, and that the others will figure out accordingly. How is it to be done? It is not. And why should it be done? God knows.

Whether their Graces know is another matter. I think that they are beginning to know; but even so, they are only at the beginning of the problem. For it is not so easy as it sounds just to drop Welbeck or Woburn and live *en pension* at Dieppe. What are you to do with Welbeck in the meantime? And if you don't want it yourself, who, do you suppose, will want it? And let it be remembered that their Graces, besides Welbeck and Woburn, possess each another house, not made with hands, an indestructible house. They are dukes for ever after the order of Melchisedech. Like snails, wherever they go — to Dieppe, to a flat in the Temple, to a caravan, to the banks of the Susquehanna — they must carry that blazoned house on their backs. And I cannot imagine a more inhospitable or superfluous mansion for the life of me.

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The only nobility worth talking about is one of birth, and even that won't bear talking about very seriously. Lord Chesterfield, the famous one of the family, had a gallery of ancestors which was a wonder to behold of completeness and splendor. But he was wise enough to correct it with two pictures: a scrubby old man, labeled Adam de Stanhope, and a crabbed old woman, Eve de Stanhope. He had the values straightened out thus wittily, at any rate, for himself. Then there was the family tree of the Wynns, or another Welsh house, which had an asterisk some distance down, with a note attached: 'About this time the creation of the world took place.' That is, perhaps, all very foolish, but we can understand it.

We supplemented that intelligible aristocracy in our country, first with an aristocracy of office, and then with one of rank; and it is on those in particular that the economic crisis presses. Nobler birth is a matter of tradition, and, so to speak, of God's grace. If you are nobly born you may black boots, sell matches, or beg at a church door. Hidalgos, grandees of Spain, do these things in their own country and remain grandees of Spain. Even ignoble pursuits cannot stultify noble birth. There it is. Official nobility, too, is very well, while ability to office persists; but that kind died out because ability to office refused to be hereditary. The first earls were governors of earldoms, that is, of counties. The first viscounts were vicecomites, sheriffs. But my Lord Viscount Northcliffe is not a sheriff. If he is an aristocrat it is by virtue of rank. Now rank is not quite like beauty. Handsome is as handsome does, we know; but rank is as rank is able to be. You may make a man a duke, of course, but it is possible that he will make himself ridiculous; and if he does that, and if he does it often enough, and if there are enough of him, he will make the Fountain of Honor itself ridiculous. I don't know who was the first of our kings to ennoble his Quelconques, his 'unfortunate females,' as Carlyle used to say; I think it was Henry VIII; but whoever he was he sowed the seed of a fungus in the ranks of the peers. One knows what the French kings did, what Charles II did, what the Hanoverians did. Whether, when the politicians took control of the Fountain of Honor and commercialized its golden waters, they did any worse, it were hard to say. They made common what had already become vulgar. The peerage of late years is only less absurd because it is less conspicuous. That at least is to the good. Yet there remains this last thing to be said about it. An aristocracy of birth is self-sufficient, but one of rank demands self-evidence, quite a different matter. It drives you back upon wealth, without which it is nonsense. A grandee of Spain selling matches will pass; but how about a Caroline or Georgian marquess driving a taxi or taking his turn at a music-hall?

M. Henri Lavedan wrote a novel upon that theme — a cynical, witty, bitter, rattling novel, too, called *Le Bon Temps*. A party of Parisians, men about town and their ladies, is lunching *al fresco* at Armenonville, or some such, on a fine morning in May. A hurdy-gurdy sounds a familiar air outside, which touches the tender top of some quill in one of the *convives*. 'Let's have the old chap in,' he moves the company. 'He 's playing the "Blue Danube," and will renew the youth for some of us.' They have him in, a tattered, bearded, bright-eyed *vechio*, his instrument slung by a greasy strap to one shoulder, on the other a foolish, little troubled monkey in a red velveteen petticoat. He lifts his old hat and recommences his grinding. One of the guests covers his eyes, and so remains until the grinder has gone. Then he lifts his head. 'Do you know who that was?' 'Not I indeed!' 'That was the Duc d'Epervier.' Then he tells the story of 'Le Bon Temps': *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, a rattling tale with a croak in it.

'Why do the people imagine a vain thing?' This is a case for tags.

*

WHITE FLAGS AND RED

Mr. Chesterton is nothing if not heraldic. He writes of 'The New Heraldry' in the October issue of *The Outlook*, and characteristically declares that a special modern meaning has already been added to the phrase about fighting or dying for the colors. 'The

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most modern flags really are colors, and only colors; they have dropped the heraldic fiction forms.' This 'decline in heraldry and the substitution of single colors' afford provocation quite sufficient to lead him on: —

A white flag means infinite peace, as a red flag means unlimited revolution. The idealist does not exhibit a white cross, inviting people to find peace in a religion. He does not exhibit a white eagle, inviting them to find it in an empire. He does not even exhibit a white elephant, as a delicate intimation that it might be both difficult to find and difficult to live with. He does not exhibit white stars or white lilies or white lions, to indicate various ways of finding peace. He simply exhibits a white flag, telling us to find it. Idealism of that type may truly be called whitewash, for it is as washy as it is white. In the same way the objection to the red flag is not that it indicates a revolution, but that it does not indicate any reconstruction such as justifies a revolution. If it were the heraldic representation of a red cow, we should know at least that it was an agrarian revolution, though there might be some difficulty about the heraldic representation of three acres, displayed on a chevron like three mullets or three crowns. But three acres and a cow has the character of heraldry, of definite division and number; it is not a vague expanse of prairie or a vague stampede of cattle. If instead of a red cow it were a red pillar box, it would indicate rather that Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabians had risen in wild war and frenzy. If it were a red cross, it would imply certain traditions, whether of the Red Cross Knight or the Red Cross Nurse. A red lion suggests one train of thought, a red dragon another, a red cock a third; but modern politics does not concentrate its color into the shape of any symbolic creature, unless it be a red herring. Even when it is more direct, it is only in the sense of direction, and anything that is merely a matter of direction can be merely a matter of degree. So that most of the Labor officials cannot be said even to find their vision in the vagueness of a red flag, but rather of a pink flag. It is the evil of the exaggeration of relativity, and the denial of distinction, that they not only allow a man to go as far as he likes, but allow him to stop whenever he chooses. On the one hand, the white flag does literally give a man *carte blanche;* and its whiteness may be as wild as lighting or as perilous as leprosy.

*

A DIETETIC NOTE

[*Manchester Guardian Weekly*]

(A single lettuce leaf would give, he believed, enough vitamines for a fortnight. — Sir James Crichton-Browne.)

Strange, is it not? For when a boy
I kept a lettuce-loving rabbit —
A large, lop-eared, impassive toy
Of grave and pensive habit.

For lettuce leaves that beast would thrust
Its nose out fast as I could buy 'em —
And, lor, the vitamines it must
Have polished off *per diem!*

And yet it did not seem to 'vite':
It lay about rolled up and snuggish,
It had no pep, it showed no fight;
Its ways were downright sluggish.

Moreover, when it scaled its wall
And ate till it was lettuce-loaded,
The beast was not bucked up at all —
It more or less exploded.

In other words, too pleased about
A meal — at last — that wasn't scrappy,
It passed away, too well blown out
But (I imagine) happy.

The obvious moral is, I guess,
You might as well take some corrosive
As vitamines which, in excess,
Behave like high explosive.

LUCIO.

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1819 — 1921

WM. B. CLARK, President

ÆTNA POLICIES GIVE FULL PROTECTION AND COVER

Fire	Leasehold	Tourists' Baggage
Marine	Use and Occupancy	Salesmen's Samples
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